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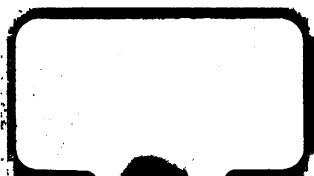
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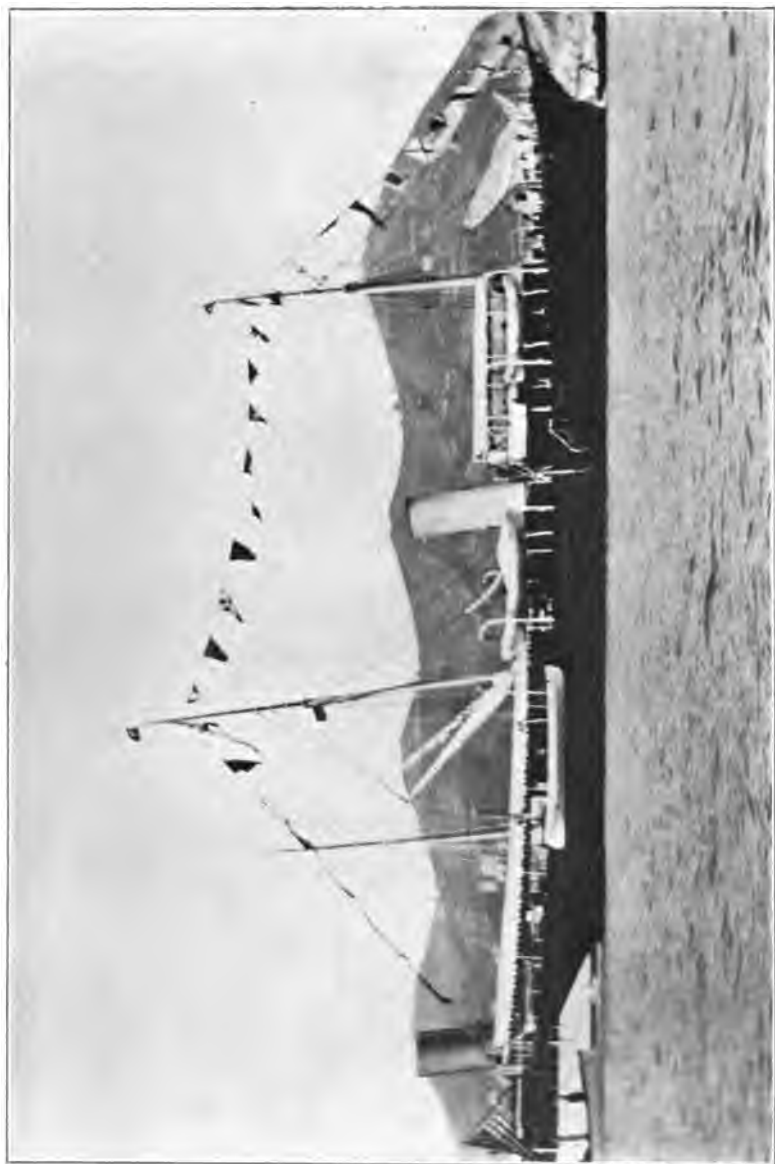


Cruise

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The yacht "Golden Eagle" lying in San Sebastian harbor
King Alfonso's yacht "Giralda" in the background

THE CRUISE

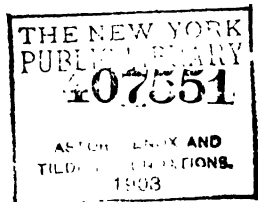
OF THE

By One of the

"And the song of our life," said she,
While the waves at our feet were so wild,
A home on the rolling sea,
A life in the heart of the sea—

1307

Primer, but not included, for the members of the
 public, their friends



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NOY WAR
CLUB
VIAGEL

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE

BOSTON, MONDAY, JULY 29, 1907.

Left for the Metropolis.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1907.

Buying presents for the heir to the Spanish throne, the Prince of Asturias, that name continues to remind us of nasturtiums. Then the Vice-Commodore, Mrs. Commodore, and "Our Little Running Mate" dined together and drank to "The Cup" we mean to bring home. The vice-commodore's son had turned in, of course, he being only twelve and not old enough to sit up and learn wisdom from the conversation of the major-domo, sometimes called by his sea title "Captain."

The commodore seems somewhat disturbed by the report that when the Kaiser invites dignitaries of our high rank aboard his yacht, the "Hohenzollern," they have to use the port gangway. Imagine us going in state and gold lace to call on His Majesty, arriving at the starboard gangway as we are accustomed, and being told, as this report has it, that we must go to the port side, the starboard being only for the Kaiser's equals! The commodore allowed that but for our being on an official visit he would forego the call altogether before he would climb up where we think only the crew should go, but the commodore is not so aggressively American as that sounds; he always does the thing nicely and handsomely and with dignified modesty — quite one's idea of royalty in fact — and why not? How can we Rollick with Royalty or Kavort with Kings unless we are kingly and royal?

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1907.

The day dawns at last, the naval cloaks are packed, the captain's present for little Asty (Prince of all the Asturias) safely put away. By the way, a certain group of five ladies, who were once very good to the captain, will be interested to know what was finally purchased for little Nasturtium. Well, it is hackneyed and not original, but the best the captain could do without the five to help him, a gold Teddy Bear from Tiffany's.

Now, there is a faint suspicion about that this royalty business is all talk. Surely it would be sad if we met no kings, nor little Asty even, and had to come down to gold laced admirals and cheap counts and second class princes — but we'll see about that. Some of us have great faith in our importance and will not yield a single king at this point in the game.

Well, this is the starting day and we are off. The vice-commodore had to charter an omnibus, and then it was a job to find one big enough to take all of his and Mrs. Commodore's trunks of gold lace and naval cloaks. We learned to-day that Mrs. Commodore has nine hats with her, and the commodore raised it one, he has ten!

The great steamer backs out just as the clock strikes eleven, and we are off. The usual handshaking is over and waving begun. Now the pilot is gone and we are really off. A smooth sea, not a ripple scarcely, just like a calm afternoon down East. Looks like fog perhaps, but none has appeared.

AT SEA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1907.

The captain — now you must not forget that the captain is our major-domo, not the ship's officer — arose to see the sun rise and was two minutes late. It is another wonderful day, no sea, very little breeze, hot and ideal.

Mrs. Commodore gave her first French lesson this morning, and now the company is industriously reading. The little running mate is soaking in German, quite parboiled in fact. He is like a natural billiardist, a natural linguist, you can always tell them by their modesty and slowness at starting in ; but when he starts we expect it will be a rush of mighty waters.

The commodore is interested in wireless. He's got the habit, he sends a message every few minutes to someone ; still if it gets worse, we have a doctor on board.

The major-domo — our captain — nearly ran a baby down in the corridor, incidentally making the acquaintance of the mother. All concurred that the mother was much the prettier of the two, and no one can find out whether he kissed the baby or not, at any rate the baby howled. Such an uneventful day has this been that it is best to close it with praises for the good weather and calm sea.

AT SEA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1907.

Our captain was awake early and on deck at 5 A.M., a pajama parade as yesterday. Our little party is troubled about the captain because of his tendency to make acquaintances ; still, that is so personal a subject that it better be dropped and we will turn to the weather, "Brite and Fair," a little easterly breeze, a sort of September day in looks, but not in temperature, for it is really hot. If anyone can cross the ocean and have less motion than we have had they will certainly be lucky — but oh, the smells ! Why is it that all ocean steamers have that peculiar smell ? We think the builders put it in and there it stays as long as the ship is afloat.

We have been in the Gulf Stream again all day. Somebody emptied a bottle of bluing in the stream years ago and it is still there. That wonderful color, a rich,

deep, magnificent blue, and the Gulf Stream seaweed, how its golden color sets off the blue water.

We have seen flying fish constantly, but little else, a school of dolphins and one steamer, a French boat which they say came quite near to us, but as the captain was asleep details are lacking.

This is perhaps the dullest ship's company that ever crossed the ocean, no pools, no intermingling, "no nothing," as somebody remarked, but beautiful calm days and lovely summer weather.

Latest reports record that the little running mate played bridge all the evening and came out eleven hundred points ahead; he will not tell whether it was one dollar a point or not, at all events he is entertaining now the game is over.

MID-OCEAN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1907.

Now, as a matter between man and man, how can anyone, even as gifted a man as the captain, write of such days as these? If there were a very gay ship's company, that might furnish material, but there is not. Imagine yourself on a cool, not cold, early September day crossing on one of those immense Pennsylvania Railway ferryboats from New York to Jersey City, a magnificent blue sky, great white clouds drifting by, a little breeze, just enough to make it cool and comfortable, clear sharp outlines, as one would expect with a northwest day down East, just a ripple on the water, but as smooth really as a billiard table, not a roll, nor a jar, nor a swell, just nothing but one of God's wonderfully perfect days. If you can imagine that, you will have only a very poor and imperfect impression of the wonderful day we are having. The captain has seen the ocean calm, yes, calmer than now, in one sense, but never has anyone seen a better voyage taken as a whole than this. Each day seems to vie with the preceding and to improve on

it. Perhaps we may have a different record to make by to-morrow, but so far it is ideal.

A mild, private pool was gotten up to-day among our party, and the little running mate held the stakes — not only temporarily, but permanently. Now he is trying to increase the lead by investing them in bridge. Oh, these bankers, ever since Shakespeare's time were they thus.

We presented our letters to the captain (the captain of this ship), or rather sent them to him with our cards. He replied that he was too busy then to see us. That was a day or two ago and we are still guessing what he looks like. Is this a foreshadow of our regal receptions? We think not.

AT SEA, SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1907.

A very uneventful day. Our captain won the pool, and the little running mate won yesterday, ~~and~~ also to-day ~~the~~ the hat pool was won by the vice-commodore, so the party are doing well taken as a whole.

Weather splendid, no motion at all, the same ideal conditions.

We sighted a two masted schooner with topsails set, but have seen nothing else to-day, church and the pools being the only diversions. Some attended one and some the other.

AT SEA, MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1907.

This is different — there is some motion to-day, rather a disagreeable sort of kick to it, but it is clear and cool. Those first days were so hot. To-day the "Emerald," our vice-commodore's schooner yacht that we are to meet in Spain, leaves New London on her long trip to San Sebastian. We wonder if she will have the fine trip we have had.

Two pools to-day, just little ladylike ones. The

captain had the magic number and took both. We figured up to-day and found that someone of our party has won the pool each day so far. The captain carries a rabbit's foot given him by a "Loving Friend" before he left. He takes it out each day and rubs the palm of each hand in the party, and that settles it, they win.

The commodore is thinking of taking the captain and getting off at Plymouth and going from there to Salisbury and then Southampton, so as to be on the "Golden Eagle" a little in advance of the others and have dinner ready. So ends a dull day.

NEARING LAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1907.

To-day is so different that it puzzles the chronicler to find words to express the change. First the sea has lost that vicious way it had, the sky is so blue, the sun shines so nicely. Of course the ship rolls because we have both wind and sea, but then she rolls like a lady, nice and easy and regular, and we appreciate it as we do the lady. Then we met so many boats, the "Little English cargo boats that plow the windy sea," that we feel we are close to land even though it be several hundred miles away.

The commodore won the pool to-day, and we are sure now that our rabbit's foot was secured on a moonlight Saturday night.

The party splits to-morrow, and the vice-commodore and captain get off at Plymouth to go round by rail to Southampton. Will not "terra cotta," as the Irishman said, be nice under foot after a week on old ocean?

"OLD ENGLAND ON THE LEE,"

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1907.

Up at 4.45 A.M. Land close by, running along the Devon coast. The commodore appears, and after the usual delays we ^{all} embark at Plymouth. We take

the London special and the captain indulges in a second breakfast at about 7.30 A.M. How good he said could not be described even if it were on a train instead of the ocean.

Salisbury was reached about 11 A.M., the cathedral in the foreground; and a change of cars and off the train goes for Southampton. Do the green fields and the English hedges, the sheep, the cows, and the little English inns ever look so entrancing as on that first view after you leave an ocean steamer?

Arrived at Southampton we have lunch—lunch of English sole *and* trimmings; well, words will not picture our contentment. Then we take a cab and drive to the docks, meet the “Golden Eagle’s” crew and her steam launch, and off we go to board her. She is a sturdy ship, and her captain very nice and obliging. After looking at the spacious cabins and apportioning them out, we go back to town and shop, buy things and bring them off to the ship. We did it until we tired, and then returned to the “Golden Eagle” and viewed the purchases and feasted our eyes on Southampton.

Yachting in England! It would be nice if an account of all the old hookers we saw could be properly written up—brigs, round the world cruisers, yawls galore, great big fisherman style of English tubs, endless types of English comfort in yachts, the short waisted and the broad waisted, the fat and the slim, but all heavy and seaworthy. We saw a few fine knockabouts. The weather was just perfect.

Then in came the “Oceanic” with our party. We got them through the Customs and took all the trunks aboard, stowed our stuff carefully for the long, royal cruise, and dressed in all our togs and sat down to a splendid dinner, the vice-commodore and commodore in the chairs presiding. During dinner the good old “Eagle” got under way and made for Cowes and an-

chored off the Royal Yacht Squadron. Strange to say, yet not strange on a royal trip, we anchored right next to His Majesty King Edward's great yacht, and we hear he is aboard, but as it was nine o'clock in the evening, he did not come over to call, and so we have not yet seen him. All turn in and a delightful day ends.

COWES, I. W., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1907.

Our recorder was a little in error. We waked up to find the great yacht next to us was a king's yacht, but not the king of England as recorded yesterday. It proved to be an American king (of finance), the "Corsair," J. Pierpont Morgan. Soon after breakfast we saw him come on deck, invitations to us to go over and visit him were noticeably lacking.

We awaked to a very different day. Our fine weather had disappeared, and instead we found a very heavy breeze from the northwest—then there is a tide here that excels anything we have yet seen abroad.

A regatta is on and, although we had arranged to start down the English Channel on our way to Kiel, we became absorbed in the yachts. The commodore finally decides it is no day to start, and so we make the best of our surroundings. Our surroundings! It is difficult indeed to paint them in words. All the big yachts in the world are here. We will start with that. Near by lies the "Albert and Victoria" flying the Royal Standard, then great auxiliary three masters, auxiliary brigs, barks, barkentines, schooners, houseboats, yawls, ketches, sloops, cutters, and all the others not named; almost all of them big seagoing boats. It is a sight! The regatta starts, and what a race it is, a howling breeze and the hard-pine-knot English sailorman is in his element. Everything is so heavy on their boats—top-masts all housed—that nothing is carried away, and

they go thrashing into it to windward, decks awash, keels almost showing on the surface. The course is long in miles, but so laid out that they pass by and re-pass just abreast of where we lie and just off the Royal Yacht Squadron called "The Castle." Suddenly as we are watching the race there appears one of England's great battleships, "The Dreadnought," slate gray and in war trim, the jackies lined up in great style. As we watch her and as she gets just abreast of us in close range her starboard bow gun, pointed right at us, flashes and is followed by a great report. We had rather an important feeling at first, as the "Corsair," so near with her American ensign, our "Golden Eagle" with an ensign which we had just gotten up, and another large brig near by, likewise American, made quite a group of Stars and Stripes, and we thought John Bull must be impressed. In quick succession, however, came her port bow gun, then her second starboard, and so on in rotation until she had fired the royal salute of twenty-one guns to His Majesty King Edward, and on and out of the harbor boomed the pride of England's navy, carrying a big bone in her teeth and leaving a wake like a comet's tail.

Then an invitation comes offering us the privileges of the rather exclusive Royal Yacht Squadron, of which King Edward is admiral, followed by a call from the secretary of the club, and as he has braved quite a nasty chop to get to us, we, of course, do the same and go ashore. As we climb up the large concrete quay awash with the sea that is piling in, we approach the entrance to the clubhouse or castle, and the guards salute as we pass through the two lines of spectators that literally line both sides and level opera glasses at us. Of course they cannot tell the difference between the commodore's splendid uniform and naval cloak and that of some grand duke (the place is dadoed with dukes and duchesses),

except that he looks like somebody, and the dukes look as though they needed retinting and whitewashing. Alas, our pride falls when we find inside the grounds that visitors take a side narrow path separate from the regular members, but we trust the opera glasses could not reach as far as that.

What would the collectors of old yachting prints do if they got into that clubhouse alone? It is filled with gems in that line, as well as paintings. It is not old as European things go, but it is old, as old as yachting perhaps. The oldest date we saw was about 1850, but it is quaint and very attractive on the whole. We went upstairs to the library and saw the display of prizes, a big cup given by His Majesty the German Emperor, this was silver; then a very handsome one of solid gold, perhaps eighteen inches high, presented by the King; a number of other beautiful gold pieces, large and of fine design. They seemed to have no fear of displaying them freely and unguarded to a very large gathering (it was the last day of Cowes week), a contrast to the care that we take of our small silver prizes. Then we did the town and purchased things. Yachting should read purchasing. Again we braved the heavy chop, a nasty tide making it very dangerous to board the yacht. It is hard to believe it could be so difficult. Another of the commodore's fine dinners, and if the weather changes, departure in the morning and Cowes and "Cowes week" checked off.

COWES, I. W., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1907.

Weather cloudy, tide strong, wind abated, but generally dull and forbidding. We must start to-day if we are to get to Kiel for the first race. When we poked up on deck, all of the hundreds of yachts had dressed ship. On inquiry we find that although Cowes week is over, they are to have town races, rowing races, and so forth.

The commodore has already given orders to sail, so we have not joined in the decorations. Surrounded as we are by this great fleet of decorated yachts, we cannot see that the Cowes events have ended. With this thought in mind, we look toward the King's yacht, and there, close beside King Edward, we see the Emperor's yacht, the American designed and American built schooner, "Meteor." She is a beauty, about 117 feet water line; it is a feast to see a boat that looks to our eyes a racer and seaworthy, too, we have seen so many of these heavy cruisers. The captain says he will take a photograph of the "Meteor" at anchor alongside the King's yacht, and forthwith proceeds to refill his camera, when suddenly up go the "Meteor's" sails, out she swings with a smashing breeze, and luffs around our stern, the Kaiser evidently knowing who will most appreciate a beautiful American yacht. We get her picture several times as she is manœuvring for the town race, and then, at 9.30 A.M., we weigh anchor on our long trip to Kiel. The skipper of the "Golden Eagle" says he will run close to King Edward's "Albert and Victoria," so that the captain can get a photograph, and we rapidly draw near to her. She is dressed from stem to stern — she is as high out of water as an old frigate — gold leaf stripes and a royal escutcheon on her stern set off the glittering black sides, the binoculars show someone very like the Prince of Wales pacing the deck, and as we draw near we see the royal purple gangway; a broad side-weather guard of purple velvet and a luxurious carpet on the treads make that gangway truly regal. As we cross her stern, the vice-commodore orders a salute, and the Stars and Stripes, dear Old Glory, are lowered to England's King — a new experience, we assure you, for every one of us. We wait to see what will happen. The glass shows that officers are hurrying aft, and surely enough King Edward

lowers the Royal Standard to the Stars and Stripes, the "Golden Eagle," and a very happy lot of proud Americans. No doubt this may seem but an incident to friends at home, but to us, three thousand miles away, it is stirring to the blood. And so we are off with a rather rough old sea, and fortunately a following wind. We run along all day through innumerable small freighters and transatlantic liners, all converging to or coming from one point, the narrow Dover and Calais passage to the great North Sea. We live, eat, smoke, even joke, in the rough sea, talk of railway journeys and other things terra firma; but we are happy, we are glad, for we are cruising in our own boat in foreign waters and going to Kiel to bring back an Emperor's cup, to be won, we believe, by the superior skill of Yankee yachtsmen. We shall not soon forget the cheery running mate and his ready wit in a heaving sea, nor the pluck of the commodore's wife, not to mention the perfect calm and splendid appointments of our commodore. Night comes on, and all are gone to bed save the chronicler, and the good old ship plows on northward, always northward, toward the Baltic and that Emperor's cup that we believe is being kept in waiting for us to take home to America.

NORTH SEA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1907.

This morning opens early for our chronicler, at 5.30 A.M. It is a good day, wind aft and a sea we should not like if we were going into it instead of before it. Just as the captain comes on deck he meets the steward, an Englishman, of course. "Good morning, steward." "Good morning, sir," is the reply. "It is another good day, steward," replies the captain. To which the steward rejoins, "Yes, sir, thank you, sir. I think we are very fortunate, sir. I expected it might be a bit *dusty* out here, sir." Well, *dusty* it was not, and the

rabbit's foot still holds its charm. We work along all day with not much to see or do, except enjoy each other's society; but as the afternoon begins to draw to a close, we begin to meet numerous craft, a large white coasting schooner, then many freight steamers, mostly large vessels. This North Sea is no small bay; one is out of sight of land, or practically so, for two days and a night. Finally, as we are gathered on the bridge, and feeling our own littleness, the lookout sights a passenger steamer bound for America. We gather to watch her go by. To our surprise there is great waving on deck, and then someone displays and frantically waves a small American flag. We wave back, somewhat pleased, but conclude it is a rather second rate steamer and some enthusiastic passenger bound to the land of the free. You see these stolid Britishers fly no flags at sea, make no salutes, but pass each other like a couple of stoking bottles, and we have got the same point of view; still, we are a little pleased. Soon there comes the remark, "There's a big ocean liner coming." So we all watch her; she is abreast, going at a great rate. The commodore has his glass on her, we see a great crowd of first class passengers crowded way up into her very bow, braving the wind and sea as she heads into it. When just opposite, we hear a cheer break forth and great waving of handkerchiefs. We look at each other amazed, and someone says, "They must know us." Then the commodore shouts, "It looks like the 'Friedrich der Grosse!'" and immediately her German ensign is solemnly dipped three times in salute. For one moment we are so surprised we hardly speak, and then it dawns on us that we are somebody, that even two hundred miles at sea they know we are coming, have, in fact, been on the lookout for us. The vice-commodore is the quickest, and in a surprisingly few moments Old Glory is hoisted and dipped in a return salute. So we are really on a royal trip.

The more we think of it the more pleased we are, and it fairly makes our blood tingle, for we have never seen a great liner salute a yacht and we greatly appreciate the friendly tribute to our commodore who has made such unusual efforts to do the fine thing in the international races.

At Cowes we were a visiting yacht, politely and civilly received, and we had forgotten we were anything but just plain travelers, but that great Hamburg-American liner (as it afterward proved to be) has reminded us that we must uphold the good old traditions of American yachtsmen and we have vowed a vow that we will.

We have just made land near enough to stop and take a pilot about 10 P.M., and we shall soon make Cuxhaven and the entrance to the Kiel Canal, and tomorrow by 1 P.M. we hope to have arrived and ended our first four thousand mile journey.

If the friendliness displayed this afternoon so far at sea is any forerunner of what is to come on shore, then the chronicler is appalled at the prospect, and we shall have to send for a Mark Twain to help us out.

Some day we will tell you all about the good old "Golden Eagle" and the kind of ship she is.

KIEL CANAL, SUNDAY, AUGUST 11, 1907.

How can a humble layman describe this day and its excitement? At 4 A.M. we are awake and hastily we come on deck to find the good ship lying in the Kiel Canal. Soon we start, Old Glory flying at the stern; we have good reason later on to be proud of it. The canal is a fine affair. Now we are starting through it. When we talk to the "Golden Eagle's" skipper, Captain Page, he says, "I have been through here before, but never so fast." At first we do not comprehend. Then he explains. As we entered the canal,

an order was received that the "Golden Eagle" was to be permitted to proceed at full speed with right of way through the canal. Someone said to Captain Page, "Is this usual?" He replied, "Well, sir! the last time I went through here I took Lord Lonsdale and he is an especial friend of the Emperor's, and we had no privileges and only ran six miles an hour." We were going twelve. We might have been the owners of the canal from the way we controlled the traffic. When any craft was seen ahead of us, our pilot would blow four blasts on our whistle; this was so effective that it reminded us of those lines of Sir Walter Scott's, "One blast upon his bugle horn were worth a thousand men," for immediately great ships stopped, tied up to the piers at the side and let us go booming by. Sixty miles of busy traffic was stopped to let the Eastern Yacht Club's representatives pass. To say we were proud of the old eastern burgee and the American ensign is a mild statement. Could you see the Kiel Canal, the immense traffic, the great ships, and if you realize the strictness of the German regulations, you would know what that royal permit meant—sixty miles of traffic stopped for us.

Parts of the canal are beautiful and the weather was perfect. We began to feel that we were truly of importance, the more so when we later learned that we were hourly reported at Kiel by telephone. Our experience at sea and the courtesy of the canal all seemed wonderful, but they were as nothing to the spectacle that greeted us as we emerged from the canal and entered the Baltic Sea. Imagine, if you can, sixteen battleships, nine cruisers, and thirty torpedo boats (Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother, the commodore of the fleet, gave us the number himself); imagine then these fifty-five war vessels in two long lines, a narrow lane between and the "Golden Eagle" slowly steaming up that lane. As each ship is passed, the

German colors are dipped while "Old Glory" works overtime trying to return each salute in order. Truly a triumphal reception, words cannot describe it; at least not those we can command. Then at the end we reached the flagship and she salutes and we drop anchor opposite the Kaiserlicher Yacht Club, where the Eastern Yacht Club flag is flying, also the old Stars and Stripes, which were hoisted as we entered.

Then the calls begin. Our friends came off; invitations were received and we were in full swing of Kiel — the long anticipated Kiel. We went ashore, we called on various high officials, and then we learned that the Prince would receive us at 8.30 P.M. Promptly at the appointed hour we were received and presented to His Royal Highness. If you want to see a real gentleman, a man of great cultivation and refinement, find an opportunity to meet His Highness. It was the privilege of our party to sit and talk with him for an hour, and once he asked us "to have another," and we drank with a sincere respect, we assure you. He absolutely captivated us; such perfect breeding we never saw before. We think he must approve of the "Golden Eagle" and our commodore for he has accepted our invitation to come aboard and take five o'clock tea tomorrow. He is a sovereign here; he is the power that controls Kiel to-day, and few American yachts can boast of a call. We are justly proud of the tribute paid, as we believe, to the Eastern Yacht Club.

A long and glorious day ends, and our first race is tomorrow.

One word must be added, a short account of our first conversations with Prince Henry and his kindness to us. When presented, an aide or an admiral simply said, "Your Highness, may I present So and So," and like any well bred man out comes his hand in a really hearty, manly handshake — clear, fine blue eyes look

straight into yours — a carefully trimmed light beard — a small thoroughbred head, erect and sailorlike. He is not tall, but he impresses you as a good height and very alert and wiry. He at once begins the conversation "as easy as an old shoe," and with such a pleasant smile and an earnest manner that you think he has only come to receive you. You instantly forget the royal blood, but you can never forget the perfect gentleman, and if you are not all you should be, no sign is given, except that gradually, you do not know how, you are talking to someone else, and ten to one you think *you* left him, and you probably did. A past master never has to tell you to leave.

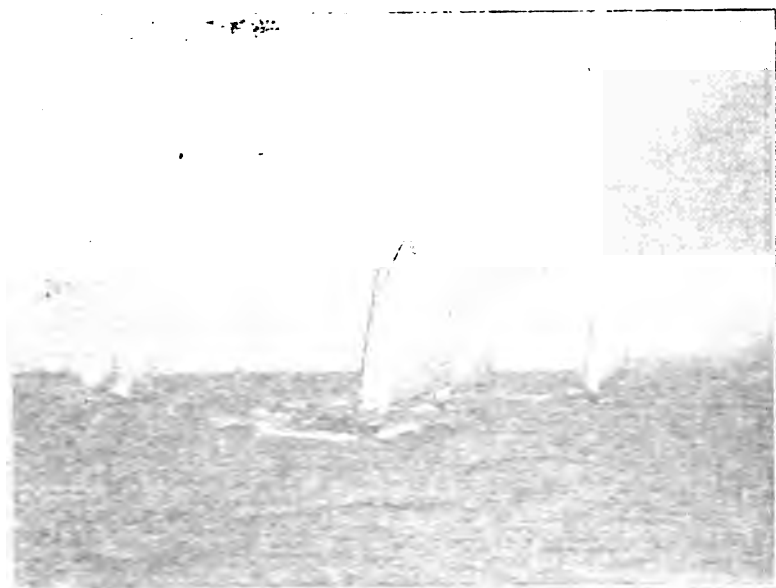
The captain and the commodore were standing talking to him, the former leaning slightly against a fine mahogany chair, when it suddenly collapsed, and over went the Prince's glass on the table near by. Quick as a flash he said, pointing to a chair, "Have another." A general laugh followed, and then he made the captain feel better by saying, "They should not have such a chair as that in the club." You will say all that is nothing, and no more than anyone would do. Quite true, if they can do it as well and as gracefully. The captain has never seen anyone get him out of a scrape so nicely before, and we all think he has had experience in scrapes.

Prince Henry's English is perfect — absolutely perfect. He spoke naturally of "his brother," and sometimes prefixed it with "His Majesty, my brother." He spoke of his wife, and told us where she was, only once referring to her as "the Princess." He said he hoped she would soon come here. He also spoke of his children. All of it was in such a pleasant, simple, friendly way that you felt at once at ease, and with his manly ways added we can well understand why he is so beloved.

The "Spokane's" skipper invited him out for a sail,

and he jumped in as any of us might into another's boat, and sailed the "Spokane" with the skipper and Mrs. Skipper for an hour or two. Of course, if he got up from his chair, we got up—then, "Oh, please be seated, gentlemen, I beg of you." He told the captain and the commodore of a fine cup won by someone whose name we forget. The cup had been given by King Edward, and presented in person by the Emperor, and then it was discovered that the owner's skipper during the race, the owner not being aboard, had hoisted a main topmast staysail, which was against the rules, and the cup had to be taken from him. "I felt for that poor fellow," said Prince Henry. "Think, a cup from a king and an emperor, and then to lose it." "That was hard," or some such reply on our part that we put so it showed we were interested, and up he jumped and said, "Come, I will show it to you," and he led the way, remarking, "It then went by right to the next boat, my brother's, but he would not take it, and I wrote him suggesting it be given to the club, and here it is."

The captain cautiously remarked that, "If he should have the honor to be presented to His Majesty, he had been commissioned to give him a message," and said what the message was. The prince then suggested that a list be made up, and that he would then soon know how it would be. In further conversation, some reference was again made, such as, "Should I see His Majesty, etc.," when quickly but quietly came the reply, "Now that is settled," and it seems to be, for we all expect to be received by the Kaiser, whom we hear surpasses Prince Henry in his ease of manner. There were other remarks, about his fleet and their bearing on certain things that it seems more courteous in us not to record, as the conversation was not, of course, intended to be reported or repeated.



Racing on the Baltic Sea off Kiel — "Wittelsbach,"
 No. 6, leading — "Spokane," No. 2, next — in
 left background is the "Golden Eagle"

It was time to go it seems, but we never thought of it, we were so interested. How was it done? He simply rose. We rose, too. "You have had a long day, and must be tired." We shook hands, said "good night," thanked him for his kindness and silently stole to the "Golden Eagle."

KIEL, MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1907.

A stiff breeze is blowing for this the first race day. We take our crew on board the "Golden Eagle," and with the "Herr Walter" following and the "Spokane" in tow we proceed to the starting line. Now you must know that the "Herr Walter" is one of our jokes. The "Spokane's" skipper secured her. She is the worst little good-for-nothing steel gasoline boat you ever saw, and serves for a tender to the "Spokane." Here on the Baltic they have a breeze of about sixteen miles an hour, as for instance to-day, and think it just a fair sailing breeze.

The gun is fired, and the boats are off—we on the "Golden Eagle" are fairly on edge. It is an exciting race, a hard fought one and very close, and we have to make our salute to the "Wittelsbach" as she crosses the line, thirty-two seconds ahead of the "Spokane." "Wannsee" is third. As we went out of the harbor, down "the lane" between the warships, each one saluted us, and now we wonder if they will do it all over again as we return. We decide to go back behind one row rather than through the line, as it seems a little more modest, but it makes no difference, immediately as we approach each battleship, we see the flag running aft to the staff, and down go the colors, and we find it each time we go in or out. It is a very pleasant attention and quite stirring.

We return to our anchorage to find that his Royal Highness has sent a boat to await us and lead us to a

government mooring to save anchoring. He promised last evening to do this and we had quite forgotten it.

Luncheon over, a short trip ashore, a call from Admiral Barandon, and we wait on board expecting the Prince. He soon comes and is as gracious as before — so simple and unaffected. He tells us that the Princess is to arrive to-morrow, so he can invite us and the ladies to the Schloss or castle to lunch, and we find it an unusual courtesy. He pays a long call, takes many cups of tea, and shows much interest in our plans after the races are over. We get out the charts and he personally works out the distances, and then as we are somewhat short of time at certain points he promises us the right of way again through the canal, and it seems to us "caps the climax" when he says that, if we will attend the reception to be given by the Senate of Lübeck, he will send us down afterward in the royal automobile to Hamburg where we are to be dined and where we can again join the yacht, she having proceeded in advance. We go again to the club and again see His Highness; while he stands, we stand, and as he seems to be better practised in standing and so does a good deal of it, we find that tired legs make "All is not gold that glitters" seem more than true.

KIEL, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1907.

The second day's race.

Wind still sixteen miles an hour and heavy. We go through the same motions in getting to the starting line, except that we have been most busy before leaving the harbor because we are overwhelmed with invitations and our German scholars are kept busy translating them; admirals, clubs, official bodies, and we know not what others, too many to enumerate. At last the pressing ones are answered, and we are off for the race. The start is to leeward, with spinnakers set at once on

crossing the line, and it is a tough battle. We fear the seaworthy "Wittelsbach" that won yesterday, and sure enough she is pulling out from the rest, she and our "Spokane," neck and neck. The course is twice round as before, and "Wittelsbach" leads. Then the Prince in "Tilly" decides to split tacks and makes a long leg to windward getting a very favoring slant of wind, meanwhile on goes the battle, "Wittelsbach" and "Spokane" having it in a close scrap; the others are now well astern. As the first time round ends, we find His Highness in "Tilly" is leading the fleet by six minutes; if nothing happens he is a sure winner. Just before "Spokane" and "Wittelsbach" turn the last mark of the first time round, our eyes are gladdened by seeing that "Spokane" is gaining; she is eating her way to windward; she overlaps "Wittelsbach"; she is abreast; she takes her wind and passes her, and that place she never gives up. Down they go, and it is anyone's race yet, except for "Tilly" who has held her advantage. "Spokane" gains a little; they are nearing the finish. The Prince needs to cross soon for both the others are cutting down his lead. Over he goes; the gun fires and "Tilly" is first with a big margin, four minutes perhaps, "Spokane" next, and "Wittelsbach" third.

There are not so many spectators as at Marblehead, but though fewer in number they make it up in noise, and, if we cannot win, all are delighted that the Prince should be the victor. He sails his own boat and sails her all the way back to the harbor, up through the lane of warships. It is a triumphal sail for him. As he passes each ship the jackies all line up and cheer, "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" and he waves his acknowledgment. This seems so tame as we write it, but thirty warships are no mean fleet and it is a long distance and an inspiring sight. When we went ashore later to con-

gratulate him, he invited us to drink a glass of wine with him. As we spoke of his victory, he said, "I do not like you to call it that; we were only fortunate in the wind." As Americans, we have a preconceived idea of royalty and a good deal of it seems very foolish to us. This is our first experience, but thus far it seems very simple and natural and sportsmanlike.

Then the captain and the commodore spent some time arranging a return dinner which we are to give, the running mate went shopping, the ladies went to call on various brass buttoned households where they owe calls, and all of our "Spokane's" crew went out to dine, and we are one day nearer to the finish line.

KIEL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1907.

There is no race to-day and so we are loafing about all the morning. We receive a caller or two, and then go below to prepare for our first luncheon with royalty, for we go to the Schloss to-day as the guests of Prince Henry and Princess Irene. Kiel is their home; they have lived here twenty-seven years. We are dressed simply in our service yachting costume and go in our launch to the Barbarossa Brücke, which is just at the rear of the Schloss. The special rear gate through the high brick wall has been opened for us and we follow the uniformed flunkies up the winding path until it brings us to the entrance hall. Just as we enter, one of the Prince's aides, Captain Usedom, comes forward and introduces himself and we go in. There we find on each side of the grand staircase a coat rack, one for the ladies and one for the men. Disrobed, we go up the stairs, down a long corridor, and into a fine great salon, where grouped together stands His Highness, Her Highness, a lady in waiting, and another aide, both the Prince and aide in naval uniform. Introductions follow, low bows and courtesies from our ladies and a shake of the

hand with each just as we do at home. The lady in waiting is not introduced at all. In addition we are accompanied by His Excellency Admiral Barandon, a fine old character whom everyone knows and whom all are fond of.

A few minutes conversation, and then the Prince and Princess lead the way into the dining room. The rooms are stately, and like so many of the palaces one sees in Europe. The Princess was dressed simply in white, and wore a pearl necklace. The table was a long one, and the Prince and Princess sat opposite each other in the middle, instead of at the ends. On the Prince's right, the place of honor, sat our commodore, and on the left of the Princess, also the place of honor, sat our vice-commodore. Down the middle of the table, its whole length, was a bright red strip of silk crepe, laid on in crumpled fashion, and here and there a little vase of flowers holding one or two flowers only. Each of us had a mimeographed bill of fare—of course also a dinner card—and then there was for every three or four of us a music program that we might follow the marine band which occupied the next room. The Prince and Princess both had different table furniture and better than the rest of us. The glass was not especially fine, neither were any of the arrangements particularly elaborate, just in good, simple taste. There were ten waiters in livery, and perhaps twenty of us at the table; three kinds of wine, white, red, and champagne. The waiters on each side of the long table served first the Prince and the Princess and then the guests of honor on each side of our hosts, the right hand of the Prince being the chief place, and the one on the left of the Princess being the first on her side of the table, the rest of us in regular order.

The dinner was a handsome one in the usual German style. The dining room was paneled almost to the

ceiling, a large, dignified room. All the rooms had hard wood floors, usually with a big rug in the middle.

We entered the dining room at one end, and retired out of a side door all together, ladies and gentlemen, the Prince and Princess leading, down a broad hall through the big ball room, where the band was stationed. The Prince stops and says a pleasant word to the leader, and we go on to the library. Here cigars and cigarettes are passed to us, and we stand about and talk and smoke. This gives nearly every one of us an opportunity to talk with the Prince as well as the Princess. She is said to be a little shy, but as we stood in the balcony window overlooking the garden and Kiel harbor she seemed so natural and easy that we felt we had been misinformed. She told us that the books on the shelves had belonged to and been collected by the old Emperor, the Prince's grandfather — Emperor William. She was just as delightful as could be, and when one realizes that her sister is the Czarina of Russia, it does seem as if we were near to royalty.

Of course we never sit, and we are in the library for about an hour and a half; in fact, we arrived at 1.10 P.M. and did not leave until 3.45 P.M., which was an unusually long time, so we learn. Finally, when it comes time to go, at least as we might say when the Prince chose we should go, he simply stepped up to the Princess, and together they shook hands with the ladies and then with all of us. This over, we drew up in two lines, the ladies passing down first, we closed in and followed, leaving the Prince and Princess standing together in their library. We are then shown out through the grounds as we came.

At five o'clock we hold a reception on the "Golden Eagle" for all the Americans, then we dine on board together, and in the evening go ashore to the Kaiserlicher Club.



"Spokane," No. 2, manoeuvring for a start
("Chewink" No. 3)

KIEL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1907.

This is the day of the third race. The weather is clear and almost calm.

The race is started on time with a light air, and in it falls flat calm for a short time. The "Spokane," "Tilly," and "Chewink" tack to the westward, while the other three tack inshore, both become dead in the water, then inshore the wind springs up and the three inshore boats get a big lead. Now black clouds are gathering and a squall seems imminent, and it comes soon in good shape, very heavy wind and rain in torrents, and quite a sea is kicked up. The boats take it well, running off a little in the heaviest part of it. It finally lets up somewhat, but it is not long before a second one is on the way, and this time it comes down hot and heavy, and blows a gale and rains beyond anything we have ever seen. The "Spokane's" jib club or boom is snapped like a pipestem, and it is a wonder that such little boats can live at all. As these squalls came up and the wind finally reached the boats it struck in such direction that the "Spokane," "Chewink," "Tilly," group of boats got it much later than the other two German boats and the "Marblehead," and were hopelessly out of the race before the first mark was reached, first time round. There are two great fiords that make up from the course like the two arms of the letter V; off the point of the V the races were held. They had never been held there before and were as new to the Germans as to ourselves. When a squall of this sort comes up, or in a light wind, or even in a good strong breeze, it is impossible to judge as you near this point whether the wind will draw more strongly down one fiord or the other, and it continually changes. You see one boat tacking for one fiord breeze, so to speak, and getting it, and you make mental note of that and do likewise perhaps on the second time round the course,

but this time it is drawing down the other fiord and is putting your rivals ahead, and often it will change every ten minutes one way or the other so as to head you. There was no spirit of complaint; the Germans had controlled everything and turned it for our comfort, pleasure, and sport, except one thing they omitted, and that was to control the weather, yet it did seem as if we were a little shy on luck when the flukes were handed round. The finish was "Wannsee," "Marblehead," and "Wittelsbach."

The Princess was out to-day watching the race from Prince Henry's large steam yacht, and she waves cordially to us as we pass near by.

Prince Henry when sailing in these races is always followed by a swift tender and the steam yacht mentioned, both close by to leeward. When they told the wife of the "Spokane's" skipper that this was because they could not take any chances of losing their prince, she replied, "But you have so many princes and can get another, but there is only one 'Spokane' skipper, and I cannot replace him."

Our afternoon was spent shopping and seeing Kiel, and then arranging all the details of the dinner we are to give to the Germans, and in the evening we go again to the club.

KIEL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1907.

This is the last race, our hopes are all on to-day — and what happened? We got whipped fair and square, and are out of the finals.

There was a strong wind, about twenty knots or thereabouts, then a very heavy squall, then it turned moderate, at all events it puts us out of the race. The finish shows first the "Wannsee" then "Wittelsbach" and "Spokane," and so our highborn hopes of taking home the Emperor's cup are dashed to earth. We forget at

the moment, however, that there is a little "balm in Gilead," that we have won two seconds, and that the cups are to be given out by the Emperor, even for the winners of second place.

Soon our minds turn to the big dinner which we are to give to-night to the Germans at seven. We try to brace ourselves and appear as good losers. A large amount of American cocktails are mixed on the "Golden Eagle" by one of our party, and we start the Germans off in good old American fashion. One of our party sees a highborn German finishing a cocktail, and says, "Do you like cocktails?" He replies, "I like him; I take him again," and he did, and so did several others. The dinner was a great success. It was à l'Americain. The usual toasts are proposed to the Emperor and then to the President, the band plays, and Prince Henry makes a most happy speech. It is so very graceful and pat that we are quite carried away, and, as he has an honorary degree from Harvard, our dear little running mate kindly leads in fine style a real Harvard cheer for His Highness. Our commodore does his part most acceptably; it seems he is gifted, in his plain courteous way, and is a happy after dinner speaker, and we are proud of him. Everyone, we think, is pleased; and we think it has touched Prince Henry especially, whom we are anxious to please because of his many kindnesses to us.

KIEL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1907.

We weighed anchor at sunrise and steamed up the Baltic Sea to Flensburg to have a quiet day to ourselves, free from all visitors. We arrived there about 9 A.M., up a long fiord with a strong head wind. We went ashore and, as usual, it rained from time to time. We all went into a restaurant and regaled ourselves on brod and frankfurters (wurst) with München beer. We

purchased a few little things and returned to the yacht. Some of the party went ashore again after lunch. The rest of us wrote letters and took naps, then a quiet dinner and early to bed.

KIEL, SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1907.

We got the anchor up about 4 A.M., and steamed back to Kiel, that is, to the place outside of Kiel where the races start. We arrived there about 9 A.M. to witness the final race, and a fine race it proves to be. It is the first steady breeze and the course is a more inside one. It is a hard fought race, and we hope Prince Henry will win since all the Americans are out of this, the finals; but he is beaten by twenty seconds, and the finish is "Wannsee," "Tilly," "Wittelsbach," giving "Wannsee" the Emperor's cup.

Then we go ashore and take a walk and do up our last chores. We dine aboard the "Golden Eagle," and go ashore once more to the club in the evening, where we meet Prince Henry again.

KIEL, MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1907.

The morning is fine, a light breeze blowing. The ladies go ashore with "Die Kleiner" (the gender of this nickname greatly amuses Admiral Barandon) and purchased things, as usual. We who are left on board have a real loaf. Then we hear His Highness is to pay us a final call, which he does about 12.30. He takes a champagne cocktail, is as gracious as ever, and says good-by, and our visit with him is over.

In the afternoon we go ashore and do the last few errands preparatory to our departure, and get back again in time to dress for the dinner party at Admiral von Arnim's for which we have prolonged our stay. He has a good sized house, and we were received in the same way as at any such affair at home, except that be-

ing an admiral his servants who open the doors, all but the butler, were in sailor uniforms, blouses of white trimmed with blue and black flowing cravats. There were twenty-three of us at the table, and a long German dinner with half a dozen kinds of wine. Then we went up stairs with the ladies, then left them and went down stairs to smoke, then up stairs again where two sailors played dance music, one on the piano and the other on a fiddle. There was a good sized room for dancing adjoining the salon where the piano was, and we all took a turn or two, except the skipper's wife and she danced continually. She, we thought, was the belle of the ball, and everyone got a chance to take her out if they could. There were four admirals present, two young countesses, the von Moltkes, of the same family as the famous field marshal, Count von Moltke. The older of the two was twenty-three years old. The dances were mostly waltzes with an occasional two step, and then we had the lancers, just the same as it is danced at home. The two young Miss von Arnims were attractive girls, and in a very pretty way presented to our Mrs. Commodore a framed picture of themselves that was on the mantelshelf. We got back to the "Eagle" at midnight in a rainstorm, having had a delightful evening.

KIEL, TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1907.

Before we wake at 7 A.M. the "Golden Eagle" has got under way; in fact she left about 6 A.M., and so Kiel with its strong winds, its rough water, and its constant rain is a thing of the past. We have rather a lumpy sea, as the Englishmen say, on our way across the Baltic, but finally we arrive at Travemünde, the entrance to the Trave River, at about 2 P.M. We find quite a fleet of small yachts, some yawls and sloops, and all decorated in our honor. We are shown up to the Kaiser Brücke, where the yacht is tied up. Then be-

gins a procession down the pier, or Brücke, of curious inhabitants to stare at us and the yacht; they actually peer into the cabin windows, but crowds are the same in every country. Senator Ewers of the Lübeck Senate, Lübeck is up the Trave River a little way from here, is the chief personage, and it is he who receives us in this the free Hanseatic state in Schleswig-Holstein. We greet him as an old friend, having seen him before at Kiel. We go ashore, take a walk, which is grateful after our rather uncomfortable sea experience; we purchase a few little things as usual and the inevitable postal cards, and then return for afternoon tea. The senator's wife and young friend are very nice and cordial. At 7.30 p.m. we go to the senator's house to another long formal dinner with the usual seven kinds of wine and all the other fixings. We ought to record our appreciation of the delicious Russian caviar which is served at every dinner to which we go. We were seventeen at the dinner table, and we go through our regular experience with languages; usually English is spoken, but someone always is present who can communicate only in German or French; more often the men speak English and the women only French and German, so we use either of the latter accordingly as we are able or not. Some of our party do well in German without being exactly fluent, while others are fluent in French, and nearly all have a pigeon French which often accomplishes wonders.

After the senator's dinner is over we go back to the yacht, which is to go up the Trave River to-morrow to Lübeck, the senator and his family going too.

TRAVEMÜNDE AND LÜBECK,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1907.

We breakfast at about 8.30 a.m., moored to the Kaiser Brücke at Travemünde. At about 9 a.m. Senator

Ewers, Frau Ewers, their young French lady companion, and Frau Piehl come on board, and we get under way for Lübeck. We have all kinds of weather on the way up the Trave River, and finally we are tied up to the pier in old Lübeck. Automobiles are waiting to take us on a sight seeing expedition. It rains so hard that we have to wait awhile, but finally we are off, and they take us first to the hospital where we see the old people's home, so to speak, with its queer little booths or houses that these poor people occupy ; each is a separate little home, and all of them are together inside the big building, the men on one side and the old women on the other. It looks like a miniature town inside of this great hall. It is an interesting old building dating back to the thirteenth century. Then they take us to the old church, which is very interesting indeed. They show us what is claimed to be the oldest flag in the world, made of leather and won from the Danes. We go into several small ante chambers, one where death, symbolized by skeletons, dances in turn with each age of life, from the baby to the old man, and they say he must some day dance with each one of us.

Then we go to the old Board of Trade rooms ; this also dates back to fourteen hundred, and is most beautiful and interesting, covered as it is with portraits of the old burgomeisters. One must remember that this old city of Lübeck is the free city of Lübeck, and that the senate of Lübeck is supreme. The burgomeister of Lübeck is, so to speak, a king of the free state of Lübeck, which is, of course, loyal as a state of the German federation, yet it has its own government and senate, and if, for instance, the burgomeister or head of the senate visits any other part of Germany he receives a salute, the royal salute of twenty-one guns, the same as royalty. Then we go to the old shipmaster's cellar or Schifferhaus, a very old and absorbingly interesting place, hundreds of

years old, full of traditions, and hanging from the ceiling are old ship models, models of ships that sailed the seas long before America was thought of.

From here we go to the Senate Chamber where later we are to dine, and so we see the sights of the town. Returning to the "Golden Eagle" we dress, full evening dress for a dinner at 1.30 P.M., and return in automobiles to the Senate Chamber.

These German dinners are wonderful affairs—they are appalling. When we arrive we find the streets crowded and the people massed and staring at us. The "Tin-whistles," that is the nickname, a kindly nickname, for some of our Americans, are already arrived. They have come to Lübeck in the royal automobile escorted by Prince Henry. Then the "Frosties," we must record that name, too, two of our crew so called because they claim they are always left out in the frost, appear in full regalia; in we go and down we descend to what was once in old days the dungeon but is now the cellar, and amid the old columns we sit down to a remarkable meal. We hardly know how to describe it; a long table with the King of Lübeck, for that is really what he is, seated in the center with our commodore on his right. We have at least seven solid courses, caviar, lobster, salmon, and so forth, and we feel that the lunch is well along, when to our great surprise we are told that these are only hors d'œuvres and that now the lunch will begin. The servants are most wonderfully dressed with silver cords, velvet knee breeches, and white stockings. Others have light green trousers to the knees, green waistcoats, red swallow tail coats, and buckles on their shoes, while the chief carries a sword in addition. On and on the dinner goes, dish after dish, course after course, decorated with miniature yachts, American flags, and German colors, and intermingled with every kind of wine in the kingdom. Finally the Burgomeister of

Lübeck rises and makes a pretty speech * in German and gives a toast to the Emperor and President Roosevelt, and the vice-commodore responds. We think only good things of our commodore to-day, he outdoes himself; he makes a splendid speech, so pat and so graceful that we bow in admiration, and our affection, if possible, grows stronger. After no end of wonderful dishes the dinner comes to a close and we all say "Mahlzeit" to each other, shaking hands as we do so, and follow the king and the commodore up the old staircase by the old pictures to the grand old mosaic smoking salon. There on a royal rug, with the old leather covered chairs with a big German eagle which covers the back of each one, we gather to enjoy our cigars, while the band plays in the courtyard outside, and the public square on the other side is crowded with people to do the occasion honor. The band is in its best attire with tall silk hats of the vintage of 1862. This room we smoke in is so grand and beautiful that it is difficult to tell about. It dates back nearly five hundred years, the workmen who inlaid the wood wainscoting took twenty-five years to complete it. The great fireplace is most beautiful and magnificent. When Napoleon with his army came to destroy, the people painted the whole room over with many coats of white so that it should not tempt the vandals, and so they succeeded in preserving it. It took eight years to remove the paint and restore it as it is now. There we sat and there we smoked, and there the old burgomeister moved among us just as his predecessors have done year after year for centuries when dinners have been held there as this one was to-day. Then we said good-bye and left, and our commodore surrounded by his devoted admirers made his way in solemn state down the great staircase amid the nobles and the admirals, the burgomeister and others, and into the grand automobile amid much bowing and saluting, the objects

* The speech will be found in full in the addenda.

of intense interest to the gaping crowds thronging the square and the targets of numerous cameras. Off we drove to the pier, to the decorated "Golden Eagle," still surrounded by crowds of sightseers. We got under way down the Trave River out into the Baltic and headed for the Kiel Canal. A gay, but quiet home dinner, talked it all over, and to bed in a rough old sea. So ends a regal day.

BALTIC SEA TO HAMBURG,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1907.

The chronicler writes the log until the sea becomes so rough he has to stop. Then he goes to bed and the good ship plows on. We all wake early for we want to see the Kiel Canal again, and some of our party have never seen it, among whom is one of the so-called "Frosty boys." Teddy, the commodore's son, who has been named our chief because he is a thorough engineer, works the signals from the bridge and we again go through the canal in royal style. At last we begin our trip up the River Elbe to Hamburg. It is a great river, and a teeming, bustling city. Tied up finally to the pier, we go ashore and find friends waiting in carriages and are taken for a beautiful drive over the town. It is a large city, nine hundred thousand people, and we enjoy all we see very much, including the Senate House. As we go up the royal staircase, one of the German ladies says to the chronicler, "Although I was born in Hamburg and have lived here all my life and my husband is a member of the House of Burgesses, still I have never before been permitted to go up this staircase, so you see they mean to do you all a great honor." Then we come back to afternoon tea and prepare for the dinner at the Norddeutscher Regatta Verein. In full regalia, arranged by decree, for we no longer trust our Beau Brummel, we go to the clubhouse

and have a most delightful time, a fine dinner, not too long, and then a dance afterward, and we return in the launch to the good old ship, with George Crossington Washing the Delaware, naval cloak, white gloves and all in command. We talk it all over and then turn in. Now comes one of the party and asks, by special request, that the following be added. George, sometimes on occasions called Monsieur Réservoir, talked a great deal about that evening and the dance, and admitted he never before enjoyed himself so much.

HAMBURG, FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1907.

This morning we wake up finding the good old ship still tied up to the slip in Hamburg. We have to hurry for to-day is to be a busy one. The Hamburg-American line has offered us a big steamer to see the great port of Hamburg and we must be off. We meet our friends, Herr Krogman and others, and go aboard this rather palatial harbor steamer with a fine band playing, and we visit the entire harbor of Hamburg. Then we have a most delightful lunch served on board and return just in time for five o'clock tea and to dress for the big dinner of this evening. At last we are on the way. The two burgomeisters of the free city of Hamburg, kings as to power, preside. This dinner, though not in an old and historic building like the one at Lübeck, and therefore not so quaint, is certainly one of the most magnificent dinners that we have attended thus far, and that is saying a good deal after what we have been through. One burgomeister speaks in German, then the other, a splendid looking man, makes a most fluent English speech.* The commodore makes a fine return speech addressing the burgomeisters as "Your Magnificences," their proper title, and then we view the water fireworks given in our honor in the rear of the Fahrhaus where we dined. It is on the shore of the Alster Sea and

* These speeches will be found in the addenda.

innumerable boats are flitting about and the display is really fine, although most unfortunately it rained torrents all the time. Then we went up to Herr Krogman's fine house, met the ladies, had a few words there with the hostess, and off we drove to the dock to board the "Golden Eagle" and try to prepare for the morrow.

HAMBURG TO BERLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1907.

We spend the forenoon packing up, for we are to leave the "Golden Eagle" and go to Berlin to be entertained, and then on to Hanover to meet the Emperor. It takes us nearly until noon to pack, pass the Customs, and get to the train. We arrive in Berlin about 4 P.M. and are soon dressing for the dinner at Wannsee, which is given by the Wannsee Yacht Club. Wannsee is a thirteen mile long lake, forty minutes by rail from Berlin. It is connected by canals and rivers with the sea. Arrived at the Wannsee Club we find it a very charming, homelike place, and we have an excellent dinner.* During the dinner the Emperor's invitations are given out and we are told that it is for seven o'clock in the evening, that owing to the great army manœuvres it will be an army officers' dinner; but that we shall be added to it, so to speak. Our party did not reach Berlin to-day as early as the other Americans, and it would not have been possible for us to do so. By this we missed an invitation to afternoon tea with the Crown Prince and Princess, which we hear was very agreeable, the Princess being very beautiful and charming. Some few of the invitations have been given out without much relation to other events, and when this occurs it is impossible for us to change all the plans of a party of ten or eleven people with twenty-four pieces of luggage at a moment's notice, but on the whole, considering the rapidity of our movements and the number of things planned, it has all been most excellently managed. We returned

*The speech of welcome made at this dinner will be found in the addenda.

early from Wannsee to Berlin, and some of the party, so we learn, made a tour of the cafés. You see, now we have gotten ashore we split up, and some invitations are accepted only by part of our company. When it happens that the chronicler misses an event, he can simply make note of it in the log from hearsay evidence. This is to be our first night ashore since we left New York.

BERLIN, SUNDAY, AUGUST 25, 1907.

Part of our party, of which the chronicler was not one, were taken on a steamer trip through the various canals and then entertained at luncheon by the Berliner Segler Club, and then a very prominent citizen with a fine estate and a renowned gallery gave a very handsome dinner. It so happened that we were not able to go, but we hear from the other yachtsmen that it was a very fine occasion.

We have a quiet dinner together, the last one of our particular party, as we leave here to-morrow and shall be entertained each meal until we separate, some to sail for home and some to go to Spain.

BERLIN, MONDAY, AUGUST 26, 1907.

We do a little shopping in this great city of Berlin, then after lunch we start for Hanover. The vice-commodore went ahead of the rest of us, accompanied by Der Grosse, and when we arrived at Hanover at about 6.30 P.M. we were grateful to him for having proceeded early for we found a great crowd had gathered for the army manœuvres and every hotel was packed. The streets were all decorated with arches and columns covered with flags and evergreens. The streets were full of people and soldiers, and the evening and night were like the Fourth of July. We walked out and found a great crowd roped off round the Emperor's palace waiting to see his guests arrive, and we realized that we shall be going there to-morrow to dinner as his

guests. Considering the tremendous crush of officers, barons, and dukes, it is a great compliment to us and to the Eastern Yacht Club that he receives so many of us — only two left out — but the three crews, that is, nine, and our commodore and our hard worker, whom the Germans describe as our attaché, make eleven in all, the largest party of Americans ever received together by the Emperor. So we go back to our hotel, and go to bed reasonably early for us. Our attaché and his excellency, dear old Admiral Barandon, have succeeded in getting us seats to see the army manœuvres, and we have to get up very early. Seats are a scarce article, but everything nice is done for us.

HANOVER, TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1907.

Six A.M. finds us up and hurrying to get ready to go to the great military parade. We have secured carriages, not a plentiful commodity to-day nor a poor man's vehicle as we discover, and we join the miles of conveyances of all kinds which crowd the way, for there is only one drive in the old town of Hanover this morning, all roads lead, not to Rome, but to the great parade ground. We hear that thirty American officers have crossed the ocean just to watch this display. After many trials the chronicler found a bottle of beer that he had kept hot by carrying in his pocket, and also in the same warm state was our meager lunch as he sat on it all the way out. Arrived at the covered wooden grand stand we find our seats are directly in the center. What a sight there is in front of us, in a rolling country with no trees near by is an immense parade ground, some of our party think it is five miles long by three wide, but our best advice gives it as about three long and two wide. At any rate, it is filled with troops. As we first see them they are in large squares standing close together, 2,000 men in each. It just beggars description, groups of officers

on splendid mounts, truly magnificent horses. The first rank of these great solid squares of men must be two or three hundred yards away from us and just in front and close to us, in civilian dress with their old flags about them, is a line around the entire parade ground composed of old veterans, we call them the G. A. R., they making a human fence. The troops are two hundred and fifty yards inside of them and this leaves a big space like a boulevard, up and down which race back and forth the mounted aide-de-camps carrying orders to and fro.

To our left we see a very distinguished group of officers, and now they move toward us coming down this boulevard just described. It is the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and the staff, ninety per cent grand dukes we suppose. They do not come very near as they first pass, but they wheel presently and come back close to the old veterans and so perhaps within fifty yards of us, and there is Kaiser Wilhelm just like his pictures, in a wonderful uniform on a splendid great horse, barely saluting to the cheering crowds as he goes by. Then he goes past each brigade in turn, and as each has been inspected it wheels off with the precision of a machine, 2,000 right feet go down and then a like number of lefts, as if it were one huge man. After all have been inspected, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, the Emperor and his staff occupy a position in the center of the parade ground and just opposite us, perhaps four hundred yards off, and then the whole mass of troops, 40,000 strong, pass before him and by the grand stand. Each military band comes first and places itself facing the Emperor and with their backs to us, and between the two pass the troops. Each brigade is preceded by its staff, one of whom is of sufficient rank so that after he has passed and saluted the Kaiser he leaves his command and joins the group about the Emperor. Thus there is an ever in-

creasing staff around him until all the miles of soldiers have passed. When the Kaiser's own regiment approaches he leaves his staff and joins it, leading it by the reviewing stand amid tumultuous applause and then as it passes he returns to his position ready to review the next regiments as they appear in what seems a never ending stream. He then speaks to the group of officers, shakes hands with such as meet his approval, and the Hanover parade is over. We get to our carriages, and there we must sit until the Kaiser is gone; then we may leave and join the long procession to town. Some of our party leave at once for Paris, and all those who are to meet the Kaiser go out and buy opera hats which they must carry with them to-night.

THE EMPEROR'S DINNER.

We were invited for 7 P.M. We took carriages at our hotel and drove to Admiral Barandon's hotel, as we were especially requested to go under his guidance. As we left our hotel, we drove up the gaily decorated avenue, got the Admiral and started for the Schloss, where we arrived as requested just before 6.30 P.M. We had been told that we must be there promptly at 6.30, as the Emperor might receive us before dinner. The streets around the palace were roped off to keep back the people who naturally crowd about at such times; but the hour was so early that there was not a very dense crowd as we passed along. As we drove up to the entrance we were met by a corps of lackeys, who took our coats and wraps. We had on the conventional dress suit and carried our crush hats with us as we mounted the broad marble, carpeted stairway. At the top we were met by a gentleman officer in a wonderfully resplendent uniform. He showed us the way to a large reception room; it had a great fireplace, comfortable and handsome furniture, and beautiful paintings.

There we found two or three brilliantly dressed officers, and we stood about talking with them for some minutes. To the left of this room opened a door to a small room, perhaps twenty feet square. This was the audience chamber, and it was in there that His Majesty Emperor William was waiting. After a time an officer came out of this small room and stood by the door, leaving it open just a crack, evidently watching to see when the Emperor would be ready for us to enter. Our party consisted of our vice-commodore and the United States naval attaché and our own representative, or attaché as the Germans called him, the three boats' skippers and their crews. Besides ourselves there were also the skippers of the German boats against whom we had raced. When all was ready we entered this small comfortable retiring or audience room, and there stood the Kaiser. He was magnificently dressed in a superb military uniform without side arms, although he wore a military belt, on the left side of which was a small box which may have been a cartridge box or possibly for a pistol, it being a little difficult to tell as he rested his hand on it, but we noticed that it sparkled with jewels. We were especially impressed and surprised to find that the fierce mustache, which bristles so in his pictures, was not nearly so large or fierce as portrayed. We stood grouped about him in a semicircle, and close by on a table were the prizes, the cups filled with beautiful flowers. Our American naval attaché then stepped forward and presented our commodore to the Emperor, who at once said so that all could hear, "It is a great pleasure to meet you and to see you here," etc., and then the commodore expressed how much pleasure we had in being there, and how we appreciated all the courtesies that had been shown us, and that we realized that it was all due to His Majesty's interest in yachting and his kindness that we had been so carefully

looked after. Then in turn each one was presented and the Emperor had something individual to say to each. To the "Spokane's" skipper he said, "You had one of the good boats," or words to that effect, and the skipper replied pleasantly and passed on. For each of the crew there was also a word, and when he came to Der Grosse he said, "You are a member of the 'Spokane's' crew. You have had some German dinners over here, and they seem to have agreed with you, too." Then came the skipper of the "Marblehead," and the Kaiser remembered and said, "Your boat is a light weather boat," etc. Then to the skipper of the "Chewink," "And what was your boat especially designed for?" to which the skipper replied, "For both kinds of weather, but I am afraid not very good for either, Your Majesty."

During all this the master of ceremonies stood about. He was a most gorgeous individual with a big, plain black staff. The presentation over, the Emperor moved toward the table where the prizes were, and the master of ceremonies lifted up the prize or cup, read the inscription, and handed it to the Kaiser, and he in turn presented it to the winner with a few neat words, audible only to the recipient. The first prize for the first day went to the "Wittelsbach's" skipper; then came our commodore, who bore off his handsome silver cup to "Spokane's" credit, and set it down on a nearby table;* then "Marblehead"; then the commodore's turn again, and he received a duplicate of the one that had just been given him, and the Emperor said, "I thought you would like two prizes alike, and I hope you will find they look well on your wife's dinner table," and put out his hand and shook the commodore's heartily.* Then "Wannsee" received several fine prizes, and then she received, sad as it is to record, the grand prize for the series, the Emperor's cup, the one we expected to bring home marked "Spokane."

* These two prizes, No. 2 and No. 4, are shown in the illustration opposite page 82.

The Kaiser's manner is impressive and dignified and yet it is easy. He looks straight at you with his clear, piercing eyes, but so kindly and so pleasantly that you are at once put at ease. He impresses you as a thoroughbred, a true gentleman. You do not feel overawed by him, and yet you feel at once how far you may go, and that you are in the presence of a really great character, a big man, one of the world's big men.

While all this had been going on the time had slipped by and it was after 7 P.M., and no doubt many a gold-laced individual out of the three hundred waiting outside who were to sit down at the Emperor's dinner table were fidgeting about at the group of Americans who, behind closed doors, were delaying their Emperor's dinner. So the major-domo or master of ceremonies kept glancing toward His Majesty, and finally came across the room and stood where the Emperor could not fail to see him. The Kaiser glanced at him, a hush came over the room. It was evidently time to go to dinner. We all filed out into the room we had left and there we were met by an officer, probably a grand duke or some other highborn noble, and he wanted us to hurry. Evidently the Emperor had given us more time than the punctual Germans who had charge of affairs had figured upon, for it was then ten minutes after seven. So we walked right up to the dining room, and what a sight it was. It was literally ablaze with magnificent, gorgeous, wonderful uniforms, gray and gilt, blue and gold, white and green and red, swords and helmets, gold braid and trappings, until it fairly dazzled one's eyes; and these uniforms do not look like a coat hung over a wooden Indian such as stand out in front of one of our cigar stores; they seemed to fit and to belong to those who wore them. It was the real thing and as natural as it looked, and the men inside were natural, gentlemanly, considerate, and polite. At many great functions of this sort a cold "How do you do" and pass on is all one receives; but not so

here. Officer after officer, such men as Grand Field Marshal General von Moltke, and others of high rank, not only stopped to really try to know us, but would do nice little things, like giving us their souvenirs from the Kaiser's table, little things much prized you may be sure by everyone present. It should be especially remembered that this was a great army dinner given the same day that the manœuvres closed, and we were simply worked in, the yachting contingent, as an appendage, and were shown most unusual attention, not only in that fact itself, but in the special way we were treated after we got there, our commodore being especially signaled out for notice in several ways. For instance, the dining room, or we should say dining rooms, were very handsome and large, but as there were two hundred and seventy-five guests only a few were really where they could see the Emperor. His room contained eighty-eight, the next room opening from it seated one hundred and two diners, and the other opening out of that eighty-two. The people in this last room could neither see nor hear the Emperor, and were, so to speak, only technically dining with him. Now it would have been a great compliment to us, being simply visiting yachtsmen, if we had been put in this most remote room; but not so, the vice-commodore, the United States naval attaché and our attaché were at the Emperor's own table, and our other men in the next room adjoining it. The table at which the Kaiser sat was arranged like a hollow square. In the middle of one side was his seat, and on his left was the Crown Prince, then a grand personage next to him, then Prince Oscar of Prussia, then two other of the young princes, Prince Albert of Belgium and Prince Eitel Friedrich of Prussia, and on his right was also a grand personage. All that side was, of course, the place of greatest distinction, and our Admiral, who guided us and did so much for us,

Admiral z. D. Barandon, drew a seat in that row, the last on the right of the Emperor, just at the corner. The next place of honor is directly opposite the Emperor, that is, facing him, with only the table between. That was occupied by his general, who was in charge of these manœuvres, Komm. Gen. Ger. d. Kav. v. Stünzner. Then the seats to the right and left of the general, facing in like manner the Crown Prince and others of the royal household, came next. Thus we have accounted for only one table making one side of the square. Now the next best side of the square is the table on the side parallel to the Emperor's, and the best part or side of that table is the one on the inside of the hollow square so that you sit with your back to the Kaiser; and here sat the vice-commodore and the other American dignitaries of yachting fame. We had all been shown to our places and were standing behind our chairs when there came a hush, and in came the Emperor. As the door by which he entered was not near his seat, he had to pass half round the square to get to his place; he bows to this and that one as he passes along, and then to all of us as he sits down, and dinner is on. He is an original character and it shows in many ways. One of them is that his rule is never to sit at the table over fifty minutes, and the menu is always in German. Now a German dinner in fifty minutes is a marvel. The hors d'œuvres had to be omitted, and the courses were shot onto the table in a twinkling; and if you wanted to try them it behooved you to eat, and eat on schedule time, for at just such a moment they were removed from before your eyes. The dinner, however, was a most dignified, orderly, and magnificent affair. The Emperor has solved the problem of eliminating all lost time and giving a beautiful dinner without sitting hours at the table. One of our party, jocosely, of course, relates how just at the instant of a change of courses he put his fork

to his mouth with a mouthful, and when it came back to rest on his plate the plate was gone. He thought he was eating a roast course, but found, presto change, it was game!

After the fish course the Emperor rose and addressed us in German, and it was the only speech made. He referred to the army, the army manœuvres, and then complimented his general-in-chief, ending by calling for three cheers for the army, which were given very heartily, and then he leaned over, and shook hands with his general. This over, the dinner proceeded again. It was fifteen minutes past seven before we sat down, and not quite ten minutes past eight when we arose. The Kaiser got up first and we all sprang to our feet. He and the princes passed out and into the large room into which we were first ushered; then from that he passed through the little audience chamber into a large room beyond. We all soon followed him into that room. Of course there must have been many who never went into the room where he was, because somehow the word was passed along as to just where one was expected to go and to stay, and we early got the sign to proceed to headquarters. We stayed there perhaps an hour, during most of which time the Crown Prince and his brothers, the youngest was perhaps seventeen, devoted themselves to our men; they were evidently instructed to do so. Round about were grand dukes, field marshals, generals, admirals, and we know not how many other titled persons, all standing in respectful awe. One of our yachtsmen was talking rather excitedly to the Crown Prince, and gesticulating when, by accident, he struck the gold or gilt helmet in the Crown Prince's hand and knocked it half way across the floor of the room, bumping about and sounding like a tin drum. At once there was a grand football rush among the grand dukes, field marshals, and other nobility to see who could get the ball (or helmet) and return it to the prince. At last it

was secured a little bent, and our men said it was a touchdown for the grand dukes, but the chronicler saith not which side won.

After an hour the major-domo with the great staff and trappings appeared, and instantly everyone stood up "at attention," so to speak, and formed a passageway, and the Emperor slowly passed out, everyone aching it seemed for a glance or a nod or a look ; on he went until just as he got opposite the vice-commodore, who happened to have someone in front of him, he stopped, put out his hand, and cordially shook hands, saying how glad he was to have seen him, and on he went. No one else got a crumb. So over here where these things certainly count for much, even if perhaps they seem foolish at home, we scored again for the vice-commodore and the Eastern Yacht Club. We were invited to remain and hear the band. It was all of the military bands put together, two thousand musicians. Please stop one moment and think what that means, a band of two thousand pieces ; but the commodore and Admiral Barandon and some others decided to leave. They get to their carriages easily enough, but it is another thing to get up the street ; the crowd is now so dense and crushed in against the carriages that they can barely crawl along, but finally the hotel is reached. Some of the others remained a while to hear the music, and enjoyed much sauntering to a window of the palace and looking out, their appearance at the window being sign for a great cheer from the crowd outside. We told them the crowd could not tell at that respectful distance, roped off as they were, whether they were the Kaiser or yachtsmen or a flunky, but it served to amuse them and reminded them of the windows shown to us at the palace at Potsdam or Versailles, where the Emperor would come to the window and address the populace amid howls or cheers, as the case may have been.

Soon we all collected at the hotel to talk it all over, to refresh ourselves, and last, but not least, to sit down once more. The restaurant was crowded and very gay ; it was like some great fête day evening in New York or Paris. Some of the very high ranking army officers (we did not happen to know them) were at an adjoining table, and as they came to go, evidently impressed by the Kaiser's attentions to us, they stood up in fine form and saluted us very markedly to the whole restaurant. Of course we were on our feet at once with a return salute to acknowledge their politeness.

Well, fame dies fast, though as the following will show, it sometimes flashes up again for a moment. Mrs. Commodore and the wife of the "Spokane's" skipper were dining in our hotel restaurant while we were at the palace, and being alone Mrs. Commodore expects to charge the dinner bill, but there seems to be a little trouble about it and she is told that it is customary to pay cash in the restaurant. As these ladies were alone, it was, of course, uncomfortable and awkward for them, especially as we had been having offered to us on golden pillows the best the land afforded and no questions asked. However, she quietly and in a dignified way went up stairs to get her purse, and when she returns, just as she is about to pay the bill, in comes the proprietor in mad haste, the whole place in awe-struck silence as he breathlessly announces, "A messenger, madame, from the Emperor for you." She is now in the midst of paying for their meal, and begins to count out the money, when she is interrupted again with, "Oh, never mind the bill, madame, any time will do, the messenger waits." She replies, politely, of course, but most naturally and simply, "Well, just tell him to wait please." We think she would have said it just as simply had she known, as she did a few minutes later, that the Emperor's messenger was not a lackey,

but a high ranking officer. He had come with the prizes, the cups filled with beautiful orchids, and the royal carriage was fast drawing a crowd outside, while the proprietor and his clerks and servants were literally turning themselves inside out with awestruck wonder at what had befallen their little hotel. And so we say good-bye to Germany, to their great man, the Kaiser, and to their kind princes, with much appreciation of their great hospitality and attention, and believe we have thus far fulfilled our predictions made in the early pages of this log that this would be a royal trip. Royally treated we have certainly been, and our best wishes and kindest feelings go out to the Germans.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1907.

Two of our party arrived here this morning early, having had two hours in delightful Cologne. We saw a little of Paris, made the usual purchases, and welcomed another of the party at 4 P.M. Many of the other American yachtsmen turned up, too. We have heard that some of the party dined out and then visited the cafés.

PARIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1907.

The rest of our party arrived this morning, except the Spokane's skipper and "his lady," as the Germans always remarked when they spoke of our womenkind. They left us at Cologne on their way home, and we miss them very much. We feel that "his lady" carries with her a little piece of the heart of every one of us. She was the best sailorman we had aft. We spent the day driving about Paris, making a few purchases, and trying here and there a new restaurant, and then at 7.30 P.M. boarded the train for Bayonne. Having lost the skipper, and with the Spanish races before us, it became necessary to arrange a new crew, and so we met

the "New Skipper" and another sailorman, and they bring our party up again to the same number as before.

BAYONNE, FRANCE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1907.

After a night on the train we wake in time to get off at Bayonne, and we eagerly watch to see if the "Golden Eagle" is there. Sure enough we see her and mid many trunks and packages we get aboard about 9 A.M.; glad, very glad, to be home again, for that is what it seems to us. Within an hour we are off. It is four miles down the bay or river to the Bay of Biscay, and then only a short run of about three hours to San Sebastian. It is such a lovely day, a blue Italian sky, a smooth sea, and so warm and pleasant, it is good to be alive. How different this is from the Baltic with its high winds, continual rain, and so cold. This, we vote, is yachting as we know it.

San Sebastian is reached and it is the prettiest place we have ever seen, such hills, such beaches, and beautiful warm blue water, natives swimming out from the shore to meet the ship and diving for pennies that we throw over. We soon go ashore and pay our respects, send a few telegrams, call at the yacht club and the casino. We refuse all invitations and have a charming, delightful, and peaceful day in one of God's garden spots.

SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1907.

To-day we are up at 6.30 A.M., the yacht is under way for Bilbao. It is another lovely day; just as fine a day as can be. We steam along the coast of Spain and see the great cliffs, the hills or mountains with here and there what looks like a castle, and at about 11 A.M. we round into another beautiful harbor, the entrance harbor of Bilbao. Bilbao itself is eighteen miles up the river. Again we find warships next to us and a King. The King is on his yacht, a large handsome vessel.

The Queen is at the castle at San Sebastian as she dislikes yachting and the sea. We watch a race which is in progress; it is not the regular series so we are not expected to enter, but it gives us a chance to see their boats and how they handle them. We are surprised to see them use balloon jibs in beating to windward, which nearly all of them do. We have callers again and are glad to find none who do not speak either French or English, and more of them do the latter. Some of us go up to the town or village. The new skipper of the "Spokane" and one of his crew go up the river to bring down the little racer, and then all the rest of us go to the Real (royal) Sporting Club and see our new friends. They take us to the King's yacht to leave our cards, and we just get back in time for dinner. It has been a restful and beautiful day.

BILBAO HARBOR, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1907.

To-day is another wonderful day as to weather; it has been said that the chronicler has not done justice in the way of description. This place, though larger than San Sebastian, is no more beautiful. It is protected by two magnificent breakwaters that cost 60,000,000 pesetas. On one side there are hills, or mountains, as you please, twelve hundred feet above sea level, cultivated to their very summits. The sky has been, perhaps always is, a clear blue; the water is transparent and deliciously warm; the sun shines apparently always, and the white stucco houses with their pretty red tile roofs make a picture one cannot easily forget. We take the morning easily, then we lunch with the Spaniards at the yacht club; then some of our party, including the ladies, go to town; the rest go to watch the races. Those in which we have entered have not yet begun, but our new skipper and his crew sail the "Spokane," jogging about so as to learn her ways, and the other American crews

do the same in their boats, then they come aboard the "Golden Eagle," American soil as it were, and seem to enjoy talking it all over. We have a quiet home dinner and agree to lunch at another yacht club to-morrow. It is all very restful and beautiful in this sunny Spain.

PORTUGALETE, BILBAO HARBOR,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1907.

We are aboard the yacht in the morning; we try a little fishing without success, and then we go to the club and lunch with the Spaniards. We return to the yacht and then go out on the breakwater where there is a sort of rendezvous, light refreshments, etc., and from there we watch the boats. The King also comes onto the breakwater and we see him for the first time near to. He is very young and immature looking, and has the strong characteristics of his ancestors, the resemblance to Velasquez's portrait of Philip IV being very marked. He is dressed in a white flannel sweater, a cotton duck hat, and white canvas shoes, having just come from his boat that has been in the race. Later on in the afternoon we receive the Spaniards and the other Americans on the "Golden Eagle." Then we have dinner on board and hurry off to the clubhouse where we go up the scarlet carpeted concrete runway, and as it is nine o'clock and we are not easily distinguished in the dark, a lot of gold lace admirals rush forward to welcome us, evidently thinking we are the King's party. They bow and quickly retire when they see their mistake. We walk in solemn grandeur up through the roped off crowds, who we think jeer us a little, and on into the ballroom of the clubhouse. There we see a great mass of people, for this is the fête of the year here. Spanish ladies galore, and as we suppose, marquises and counts in endless variety. A stately square dance is begun, the King and some grand lady leading. It is exactly like the lancers as we dance

it at home, only it is one big set instead of several small ones, then at the end it is a grand stately all-hands-round ladies chain, and as the King comes to each lady she courtesies to him. This over, we retire, as it is evident that we are only to be spectators and we have had enough.

PORTUGALETE, BILBAO HARBOR,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1907.

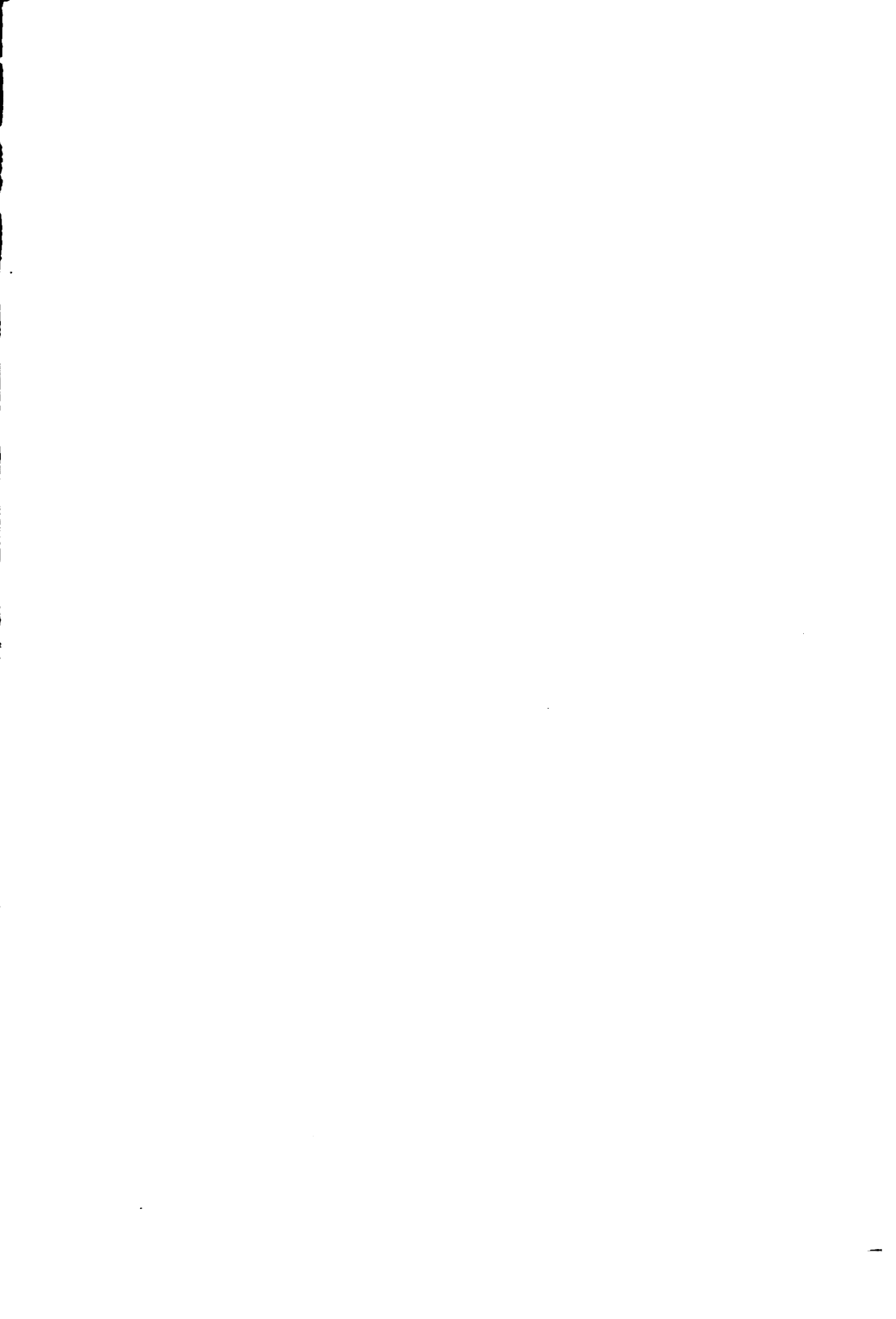
This morning opens calm and it is our first race day. We have got to make an anchor start, which seems rather foolish to us. The race is at 11 A.M. One of our party goes up to Bilbao, which is a distance of about eighteen miles, to meet the new skipper's wife, as of course he must sail the race. The "Spokane" makes a very good start, and in fact each of the other American boats does the same. When they get outside the "Spokane" goes off to the westerly side of the harbor, the "Marblehead" to the easterly side, and the "Chewink" straight out between the others. The wind, such as there is, falls and it is a dead calm, a drifting match. The finish shows "Chewink" the winner. We are glad it is an American boat. Two of our party go out on the breakwater, those two sometimes referred to as "frosties," and they see the King there. It seemed as if something carried away on his boat just at the start, as his peak looked slack, and he withdrew from the race at once. By the time our "Spokane's" crew are back and dressed and lunched, and our new arrival from Bilbao is here, the day has worn on well toward five o'clock tea time, and then come two Spaniards to say that the King is at the club and wishes to receive us. So we go and are presented. He is very young looking and delicate looking, too. He is thin and slight and pale. He speaks to each one of us in an agreeable way and holds quite a conversation with the commodore. There is quite a reception at the club in an informal way

and one of the members plays the piano ; then one of our "Spokane" sailormen plays while the King listens. As the music finishes the little running mate steps forward and leads us in "Three long Harvards" for El Rey, to which the King responds by ordering three cheers, U-rah, U-rah, U-rah Americanos, which are given with enthusiasm. Then the King's brother-in-law, Don Carlos, arrives and is welcomed by the King and later they go off together. We then go into the other club to a dinner given for us and as it follows so soon after the afternoon jollity at the Real Sporting Club, it becomes quite a gay occasion. The piano is rolled from one room to the other, and there is some dancing done by several of the guests and by the old man who says he is at least one hundred and seventy years old. He is a particular friend of Little Frosty's. Then as we go out at the exit from the club grounds, one gentleman takes exception to the way Spanish architects construct entrances and explains to us afterward that "the risers" in Spain vary at least one eighth of an inch from the accepted standard in America. Well, the end comes at last and we go off to the yacht with a stiff wind blowing in our faces, and we are very glad they have such fine breakwaters to hold back the rough old Bay of Biscay.

PORTUGALETE, BILBAO,

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1907.

We had some real excitement to-day. A strong breeze is blowing, in fact the sea is breaking over the breakwater. The commodore had a "private hunch" last night that the "Emerald" was nearing port, so we got up a pool on the hour and day of arrival. The "hunch" comes true, for before we are up comes the cry "The 'Emerald' is in sight." We hurried on deck clad as we were, but all we see over the breakwater is

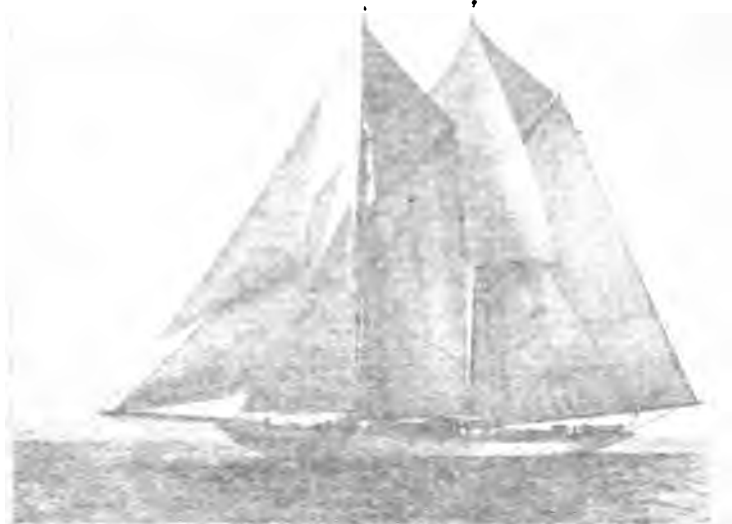




The vice-commodore's
flagship "Emerald"

A little piece of two masts far off in the distance. The boat goes slowly, but at last we see it is really the "King." There she comes, a beautiful American yacht. At last a sight it is for us as she swings round the mark, her ensign set and our steam launch takes side to meet her. It is the finest thing we have seen. She is coming alongside, down goes her anchor, the thousand miles completed, and one of our party blows three long whistles as the "Golden Eagle" welcomes her. Some of our party, the new skipper's wife, the first officer, the little running mate, and the new doctor go to Bilbao, which is eighteen miles up the river. The wind has been so heavy that the race is postponed. We kicked up such a sea last night that the "Lancaster" had to "lay to" with a storm trysail and put out our bags. While some of us are at Bilbao the King decides to give a regatta, as they term it, to be sailed inside the broad water. The yachts are of all kinds and sizes; the King appears in a thirty footer with a big club topsail. Our boys make the best start, which this time is a flying one-gun start. There were about fifteen boats entered, the King, as they round the stern of the royal yacht, hoists her flagstaff carrying the Royal Standard and down goes staff and flag into the water; then the second time round he fouls the "Spokane," sweeping her with his spinnaker pole and all but knocking some of our crew overboard. The first race ends, the King in his thirty footer only crossing actual time forty seconds ahead of "Spokane," so that she is an easy winner with her allowance,* next "Marblehead," then "Chewink," so the three American boats beat the Spaniards by a lot of the course. Then comes an order from the King to sail another race immediately, which is not very much to our liking, but we fall in and off they go again, the "Spokane" gets the best start and leads the fleet round the entire course, beating the King actual time ten sec-

* See prize No. 3 shown in the illustration opposite page 82.



The Vice-commodore's
flagship "Emerita"

a little piece of two masts far off in the distance. The time goes slowly, but at last we see it is really she. There she comes, a beautiful American yacht. What a sight it is for us as she swings round the breakwater, her ensign set and our steam launch alongside to convoy her. It is the finest thing we have seen; now she is coming alongside, down goes her anchor, her three thousand miles completed, and one of our party gives three long whistles as the "Golden Eagle's" welcome. Some of our party, the new skipper's wife, the commodore, the little running mate, and the major-domo, go to Bilbao, which is eighteen miles up the river. The wind has been so heavy that the race is postponed. It kicked up such a sea last night that the "Emerald" had to "lay to" with a storm trysail and put out oil bags. While some of us are at Bilbao the King decides to give a regatta, as they term it, to be sailed inside the breakwater. The yachts are of all kinds and sizes; the King appears in a thirty footer with a big club topsail. Our boys make the best start, which this time is a flying one-gun start. There were about fifteen boats entered; the King, as they round the stern of the royal yacht, fouls her flagstaff carrying the Royal Standard and down goes staff and flag into the water; then the second time round he fouls the "Spokane," sweeping her with his spinnaker pole and all but knocking some of our crew overboard. The first race ends, the King in his thirty footer only crossing actual time forty seconds ahead of "Spokane," so that she is an easy winner with her allowance,* next "Marblehead," then "Chewink," so the three American boats beat the Spaniards by a leg of the course. Then comes an order from the King to sail another race immediately, which is not very much to our liking, but we fall in and off they go again, the "Spokane" gets the best start and leads the fleet around the entire course, beating the King actual time ten sec-

* See prize No. 3 shown in the illustration opposite page 82.

onds,* the next two boats being "Chewink" and "Marblehead" in that order. So when our party from Bilbao returns they find the "Spokane" has two more cups. A King's cup and a Queen's cup, two first prizes,† and every American boat over the line before the Spaniards. We pass a quiet evening on board and then three of our party go on board the "Emerald" to sleep.

PORTUGALETE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1907.

We wake up to find it a warm, sultry day. The commodore and the little running mate go ashore to the club and we take the morning easily, then lunch, and it is time to get under way to follow the first race of the regular series. It is to start at 2 P.M., and they come as near to that hour as is possible in sunny, casual Spain. "Spokane" is first over the line, and is soon well in the lead with the two other American boats close by. There is a good breeze, a smooth sea, and as near ideal conditions as possible. The "Marblehead" and one of the Spanish boats split tacks from the rest and tack inshore, while the rest stand out. The "Spokane" cannot cover both, and so tacks inshore; it is well that she does, as the tide or wind or perhaps a little less sea are favoring the inshore boats. The course is triangular, and "Spokane" takes each mark first, but it is close; she is leading and about nineteen seconds ahead of "Marblehead" on the last leg home the first time round. The wind now begins to fall and "Marblehead" gains; in fact, she all but passes the "Spokane," but as they go over the "Spokane" we find is a second or two ahead, while the "Chewink" and the Spaniards, including the King, have held the wind better and caught up. We look for a signal to call it a race without going round again because it is now a flat calm, but none comes, and a tedious drifting match begins, a

* See prize No. 5 in illustration opposite page 82.

† Prizes No. 3 and No. 5 opposite page 82.

little air occasionally first from one quarter and then from another ; finally the last boat is the first, and so it goes, a most disgusting outcome. The sun sets and still they drift. Now they get a little air and again the "Spokane" is leading, but it is no race. After it is quite dark the committee boat comes out and calls the race off. We tow in the boats nearest to us and get to our anchorage just in time to dress and keep our dinner appointment (9 P.M.) with the Count and Countess Zubiria. It is a small dinner according to our present views, perhaps twenty persons, ladies and gentlemen, and is given at the club or casino. The ladies are of the highborn order ; one of them is the lady who led the dance with the King ; all are married and from, say, twenty-seven years old to forty or more. It is a very delightful and pleasant occasion.

PORTUGALETE, BILBAO,

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1907.

To-day is warm and sultry. There are to be two races to-day, each once round. The first starts about 11.30 A.M. The wind is light, but enough to get round. As the boats cross the line the German crew in their sonderklasse boat run square into the "Spokane," she being on the starboard tack, and there is quite a mixup for a half minute or so, and both boats are delayed perhaps a minute. There is no withdrawal, and after the race is over no protest. The "Spokane" and the "Princesa de Asturias" tack inshore and the others go off in a bunch together. The wind is very light, but the "Spokane" leads to the windward mark and rounds it a minute ahead. Then as they come down before the wind with their spinnakers, the "Asturias" begins to pick up. "Spokane" holds her well, but before they reach the line she passes "Spokane" and beats her fairly by about twenty-four seconds.

To realize the kind of day it is it should be noted that

some of the others do not get in for half an hour. We do not feel badly, however, because this is not "Spokane's" weather and we have two firsts, that is, a king's and a queen's cup. The afternoon race is started about 2.30 p.m.; meantime we, the men of the party, go on board the "Emerald" to lunch because the ladies are to entertain a countess or two on the "Eagle." That lunch will ever remain a bright spot, except that it is a farewell to two of the Kiel crew of the "Spokane;" otherwise it is one of the nicest things we have done. You see we have all cruised on the "Emerald" and it is American soil—it is home; yes, home, the bread is made by a Yankee, the butter from New London, the food throughout and the very way it is cooked is Yankee to the core. Everyone about us is a fellow countryman; there are no strange fastenings to the doors or foreign lamps or books; no English stewards; no heavy bulwarks or capstans with a strange name. Yes, we are back in God's country again and our hearts bound, and how strange we did not realize it would be so until we are on board. Then we go back to the "Golden Eagle" and to the countesses—we count our own in that, too—and we jabber French and pigeon English, perhaps German, maybe Chinese, what matters it? We have been home. If we are gay the ladies never know why; they think we lunched, perhaps; we did no such thing, we had just one American cocktail and then we trod on air and cheered our parting friends and metaphorically hugged ourselves and the good ship "Emerald" and our kind host. We do not see much of the second race, because when the "Eagle" gets outside the breakwater the foreign ladies sigh for land. It is hot, hardly a breeze and quite an old roll heaving in, so we turn back and go to our moorings again. The "Spokane" makes a fine start and leads the fleet for some time, but it is fluky and flat calm, catpaws from

every quarter, and so very unsatisfactory. The winner, No. 0, the "Princesa de Asturias," which won in the morning race, made a very bad start, got called out, and was three minutes behind every other boat, yet gets more flukes and wins, thus finishing the Bilbao series. "Spokane" is fifth, but her average gives her the Queen's cup and one thousand pesetas, not so bad after all.*

The ladies and two of our party go ashore to see Portugalete and buy parrots; then we get back to the yacht to dress for another dinner to be given us by the president of the Maritimo Club. There are about thirty-five at the table after all get there, and we sit down about 9.20 P.M. and get our coffee by 11.30 P.M. The "Spokane's" skipper makes a neat complimentary speech and proposes a toast to the winning boat's owner and crew. We finally get back to the yacht a little before 1 A.M.

PORTUGALETE, BILBAO,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1907.

We go to Castro to-day. It is about ten miles down the coast. The boats are to race to it, different classes. The commodore decides not to put the "Spokane" in as it is really a Spanish affair of their own. The commodore, fortunately for all of us, is coaling the "Golden Eagle" to-day, and so we are to go on the "Emerald." We get off at 10 A.M. It is a perfect day, one in a thousand, and yet there are thousands like it here; very little wind, blue sky, great hillsides or mountains coming down to the water. It is as lovely as it can ever be. We have our lower sails and main topsail set, and as we are a little late and it is to be a fête day for the King and the last day of their race season here, we give her a "few slow turns" and some drops of gasoline and catch up with the fleet. Castro is hard to describe — a

* This cup, No. 6, is shown in illustration opposite page 82.

beautiful little Spanish town, the usual breakwater to hold the Bay of Biscay back, an old castle on some grand jagged rocks and bluffs that rise right out of the sea, and all gaily decorated and literally covered with people, a warship has preceded us, a fleet of perhaps twenty yachts, mostly sonderklasse, with one or two small sloops and yawls, of which one belongs to His Majesty and is being sailed by him; last, but not least, the beautiful "Emerald" with her tall spars and new suit of sails. The chronicler wishes he had words to paint the scene and to do justice to the "Emerald" as she majestically swings around into that little harbor, the queen of the fleet with "Her tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread." Castro is beside itself. You could barely hear yourself think the din was so great, for this is Castro's day — the King has never been here before. A twenty-one gun salute for the King who has crossed the line first in his class, whistles, bells, horns, and we know not what else. The day is perishingly hot, not a cloud in the sky. We hurry ashore to attend the lunch to be given to the King, and pushing our way through the crowds, guided by two Spanish friends, we walk in the blazing sun nearly half a mile to the scene of Castro's celebration. It is somewhat different from the German triumphal entries, but it must be remembered that the Bilbao races are not international races between Spain and America, but only open regattas in which any nation's boats may enter. The narrow streets were lined with people, every window and balcony had its full quota leaning out to see all that was going on. In one balcony some of our Spanish lady friends wave to us and we learn that they are waiting for the commodore's wife and the new skipper's better half. Unfortunately they miss this, which is to be a little luncheon, as one of them is indisposed and the other acts as nurse. Arrived at the luncheon we again see the King. As the commodore is

not with us, the King says a few words to one of us as representing him and bows or shakes hands with all, and then later on in the lunch leans forward and raises his glass in special recognition of the commodore's representative. This was nice because few of us realize the strict etiquette of the Spanish Court, and it was evident that only the commodore was to be recognized on this occasion at which we were only, so to speak, spectators. No ladies were supposed to be at this lunch, but somehow they appeared, and true to Spanish politeness and casual ways they are invited to remain, and they sit on each side of the King; our friend the countess being on his right, the other on his left, and two or three more at one of the long tables. We were seated like the letter U in a sort of grove or garden with the blazing sun coming through the trees onto our bare heads. The King sees us trying to shade ourselves and issues a command to put on our hats, which we do, feeling a little uncomfortable as he is bareheaded although under a canopy. He is dressed just as he came off his boat from the race, white woolen sweater and blue coat, blue trousers, canvas shoes, white slouch canvas hat. One of his staff said to him, "What an enthusiastic reception!" He took hold of his sweater as he replied, and said, "Yes, and I in these clothes." He seems simple and unaffected, and has a good deal of dignity for a twenty-one year old. They say he has a most decided mind of his own. Then we sailed back in the "Emerald" to Portugalete. We saw the King go off and the same scenes repeated. We had a beautiful sail back, too. At 8.30 P.M., or as soon thereafter as the Spaniards arrived, viz., about 9.15 P.M., we sat down, about fifteen of us, on the gaily decorated bridge of the "Eagle" to one of her fine, simple dinners.

SAN SEBASTIAN, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1907.

We weighed anchor at Portugalete this morning at

8 A.M., with the three American sonderklasse boats in tow and their crews on board with us ; a blue sky, a clear day, a strong breeze off shore, and an old Bay of Biscay roll tumbling in toward the coast line as we skirt along the rugged shore for this place, which is forty miles away. The commodore and the skipper of the "Marblehead" have chosen to go on the "Emerald," wisely, of course, as far as pleasure goes ; but we want to get here as soon as possible, as we are to go to a bull fight and it is close figuring as to time. The "Emerald" got about a half an hour's start on us, and had the breeze held she would have beaten us in, but as it was she struck a soft spot and we passed her. She looked beautifully as we went by. We arrived here about 2.30 P.M., and only just got ashore when we saw the "Emerald" swing round the point, and the commodore gets ashore in time to join us. We go to the bull fight, and see six bulls killed and all the other disgusting accessories. Parts of the show are very fine and well worth seeing, but for people brought up to love the horse that part is very revolting. We dine aboard, and then go ashore to the casino for a short time. There is a great crowd and fireworks, and the gaming tables are in full blast, richer, too, perhaps, for our visit, although one of our party has spending money to brag of. It ought to be recorded that we are having tropical weather here ; it is frightfully hot in the middle of the day, and always so in the sun on shore, and bad enough in the sun even on board.

SAN SEBASTIAN, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1907.

This is another clear, lovely, blue sky day, and a very hot one with very little air. A few of our party go ashore in the morning, but return soon as we race at 11 A.M., this being the first day of the series here. Quite promptly at 11 A.M. the first gun is fired, and the

boats are off at 11.10 A.M. Light, southerly breeze, a two mile course straight away to leeward, two miles and return, course to be sailed twice. The "Marblehead" makes the best start, with wind clear to port, followed closely by "Chewink," "Spokane," "Dios Salve," "Princesa de Asturias," and "Doriga." "Chewink" turns the first mark ahead of the fleet, and it is fluky and light. "Spokane" takes fourth place. Rounding the mark the three American boats are on port tack and the three Spanish on the starboard, wind still fluky; the yachts are now well scattered over the course. Soon, by a *lucky fluke*, and, we think, excellent handling, the "Spokane" now takes second place, and "Princesa" passes "Doriga." At the third mark "Spokane" is first, and we begin to think things are moving our way. The finish is as follows: "Spokane" leading by seven minutes; * "Dios Salve," the King's yacht, next, an easy second; then "Marblehead," "Princesa," "Doriga," and "Chewink."

After lunch a good many of our Spanish friends come aboard for afternoon tea, and then the commodore and the new skipper go to dine with the American minister, and the rest of us stay quietly aboard and dine and rest and talk it all over.

SAN SEBASTIAN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1907.

Another clear, hot day with no wind. First gun fired at 11 A.M. Boats cross the starting line at 11.10 A.M. in the following order: "Spokane," "Dios Salve," "Marblehead," "Princesa de Asturias," "Chewink," and "Doriga." The course is triangular, twice round, making nine miles. It is a very light day as to wind, but "Spokane" rounds the first mark forty seconds ahead; and as she crossed the line, the royal cutter from the King's yacht, manned by eleven sailor oarsmen and a steersman all with white painted oars, white

* The cup No. 1 won in this race may be seen in illustration opposite page 82.

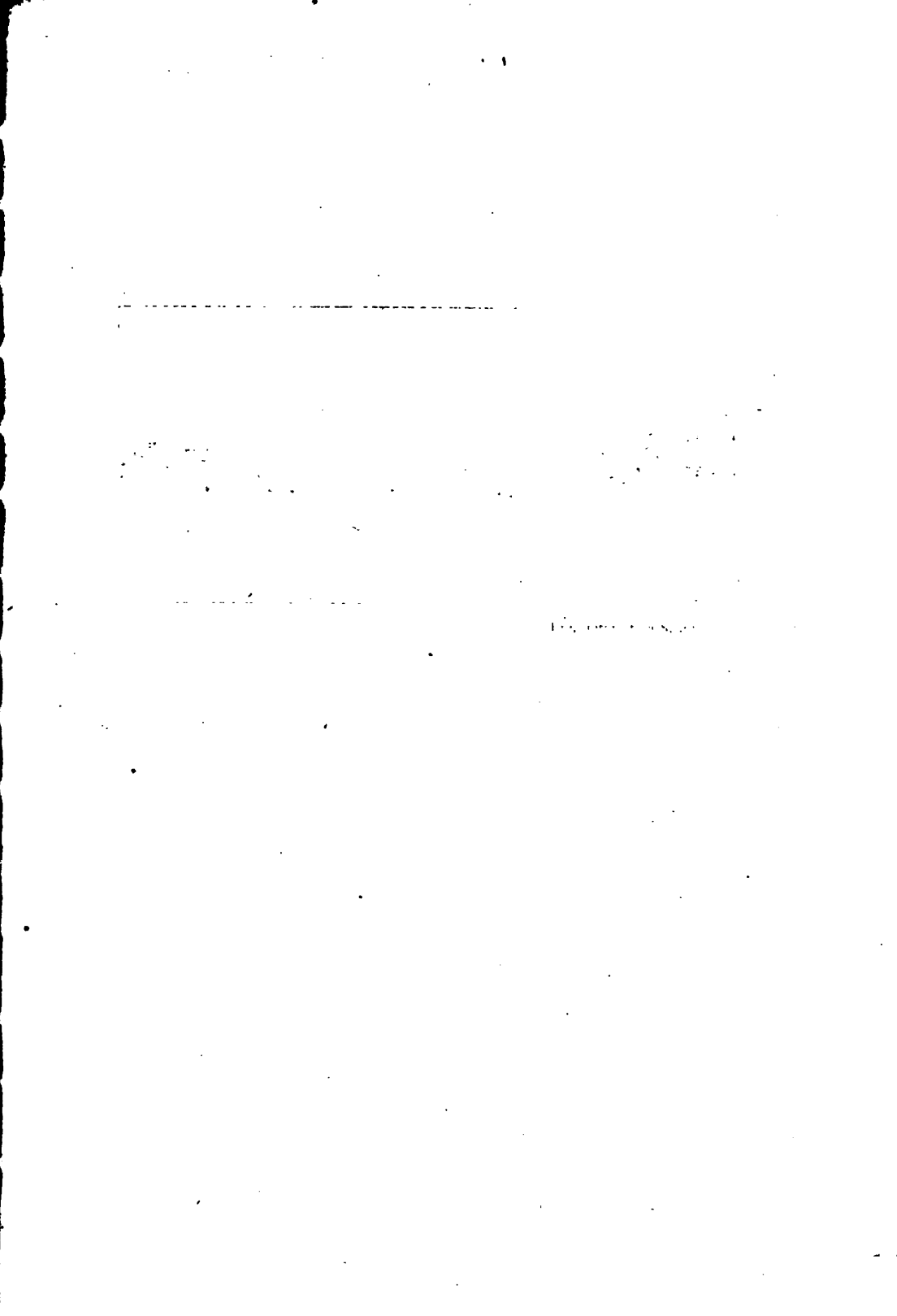
boat, and white canopy, lay within fifty yards of our boat with the King in the stern and the Queen by his side. Our boys bowed, and then His Majesty called out most cordially, "I wish you good luck," to which our men replied by thanking him and bowing. It is a series of flukes to the finish, which ends "Doriga" first by ten minutes; then "Marblehead," "Chewink," "Princesa," "Dios Salve," and "Spokane" last, sixteen minutes behind the winner.

We ought to record that before leaving Bilbao we were invited to lunch by the Real (royal) Sporting Club at Portugalete; this was the day we left there and the King and Queen were present. The prizes for the Bilbao races were given out at that lunch by the Queen and a nice speech made by the King. We had our attaché, as he is called, present to receive the prizes and to respond, and were sorry to have had to decline, but having accepted the King's invitation to race at San Sebastian it was necessary to tow our boats here before dark, and so we had to leave early before the lunch came off.

Two young Spanish girls are with us on the yacht at San Sebastian to-day watching the race; they are the daughters of Señor Don Pardenias and they see their father's boat come in first. In the afternoon we have many visitors; the commodore takes most of them out on the "Emerald" for a short sail. In the evening we who did not go to the American minister's last night go to dinner with him to-night, stop a few minutes at the casino, and then return to the yacht.

SAN SEBASTIAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1907.

It is not so hot to-day, neither is it perfectly clear, it being a little cloudy; there is a light northeast wind. The start is at 11.10 A.M. as usual. It is a windward and leeward course, making eight miles in all. The boats go over in a bunch, "Doriga" first, the leeward





Preparatory to a Spanish race



boat, while "Spokane" practically starts at the same moment but in best berth to windward; she is near the shore and immediately loses the wind for a few moments, the breeze is very fickle. The "Doriga" leads for some time, when the "Dios Salve" passes her on the run to leeward. The offshore tack proves to be the worst for wind on the first beat out, so second time round the "Spokane" tries the inshore tack and now it is just the reverse, and at the finish "Doriga" wins by two minutes over "Chewink," and "Spokane" takes fourth place. This puts two first to "Doriga" and one first to "Spokane," thus giving us a hard rub to get the King's cup. We pray for a breeze to-morrow.

We lunch aboard, then at 4 P.M. we go to the Hotel Palais to meet Señor Piña who is the Spanish minister at Washington, and he takes us up Mount Ulia and gives us tea, etc. It is a wonderful panorama and we are well repaid for the trip. As soon as we are back we dress for dinner, for to-night is a dinner on the "Golden Eagle" to the Spaniards, and it is a dinner, too. There are twenty-four of us at the table, which is set on the bridge all covered in and decorated with American and Spanish flags, lighted by electricity, and generally as pretty as can be. The commodore makes us proud again, as he has so many times before. What he says calls forth response after response and the enthusiasm grows. For our party aboard we will say, so that the expression may be kept for posterity, that the chronicler noticed that during the dinner two Heiser Buns had been served and quite a full course of Kleine Buns. The dinner was very good indeed, very gay and lively; it seemed to us more so than most of those given to us. We were sorry to hear last night that the King is confined to the Palace by a slight operation to his nose, because it will interfere somewhat with the program at the finish of the races.

SAN SEBASTIAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1907.

Wind northwest and very light ; course triangular ; start of the race is as usual at 11.10 A.M. The boats are all bunched as the gun fires and as they swing over the line the "Dios Salve," the King's boat (he is not aboard), seems to be especially placed to look after the "Marblehead." "Marblehead" is on the starboard tack, the "Dios Salve" on the port with room to give way, but holds her course, and as "Marblehead" clearly has the right of way she holds on and they come together; the "Dios Salve" gets rammed at her starboard chain plates and the blow makes noise enough to be heard by us a quarter of a mile away. If there had been a real breeze, some damage would have been done; as it is, she carries an American scar. We look to see her withdrawn, but instead she goes bumping round and fouls the "Spokane" later on, but continues in the race. "Dôriga," with her owner, Señor Pardenias, at the helm goes over first and clear of the fleet and leads to first mark, the "Spokane" by the foul and mixup is delayed and rounds first mark last. There is practically no wind, yet what there is is more true than on some other days. At second mark "Dôriga" still leads, and the relative positions throughout are about the same. The race wears on, a very tame affair, until the stretch home; the wind has now freshened a very little, though it has no weight, and "Princesa de Asturias" has passed "Dôriga." This becomes interesting because with "Spokane" with one first and "Dôriga" with two, if "Dôriga" wins she gets the King's cup, whereas it gives us another chance if "Princesa" crosses first. The run home is an easy reach, sheets well started and the leaders getting quite close to the finish. It is a "Princesa" race, there is no doubt of it; she is the weather boat and has a nice lead too. Imagine then our astonishment when suddenly we see her begin to

steer a snake like course, cut letter "S's" and allowed the "Dôriga" to pass, keeping away from the "Dôriga" rather than trying to take her wind. She "chucked the race" pure and simple and comes in second. Our absolute disgust at such unsportsmanlike conduct is so great that we can find no words to properly express our feelings.

We went to the horse show in the afternoon as guests of the president of the horse show, Señor Aristiquieta; it was a creditable affair. Then we went shopping and to the casino for tea; then we went back to the yacht and had a quiet "Golden Eagle" dinner and to bed early.

SAN SEBASTIAN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1907.

The "Golden Eagle" weighs anchor at 6.30 A.M., and we pull out for a short trip up the bay to Bayonne. The commodore has some fine boxes of Page & Shaw's candy at the Custom House there and he proposes to get them and we incidentally get a little rest and change while he goes up to Bayonne. We steam over to Biarritz and intend to go ashore and lunch. As our gig comes up to the stone landing a gendarme appears and refuses to let us land; he is finally very insulting and we have to give it up and go back to the yacht. Biarritz must go on the list to be seen on some other trip, to record one of our much used expressions especially coined for this trip and often needed, "Wasn't that the limuetto?" Then the commodore rejoins us and suggests our going to Saint Jean de Luz, which is close by. There, it being a port of entry, we have no trouble. We see a very lovely little French town, buy a few things, take a drive, and return to the yacht, having spent a very pleasant hour and a half. We steam back to San Sebastian where the last race has been going on and find that "Spokane" is not the win-

ner ; in fact we knew how the race would be, we have seen so many of them here, and we are tired of watching the boats drifting round the course with the race purely a question of who gets a little fluke.

The race started at 11.10 A.M., as usual, wind north and very light ; "Spokane" over first ; all boats bunched as they go over the line. The course was windward and leeward twice round, making about eight miles. It was a regular dog fight all the way to the windward mark, and "Spokane" rounded it first and slightly adds to the lead before the wind, and half way out the second time she seems a sure winner, then she loses the wind entirely and "Marblehead," who with "Dios Salve" has been fluke hunting to the eastward, catches a northeast wind and gets a big lead and the race is settled then and there. As this is a race for the second prize of the series, a very handsome steel plaque inlaid with gold, we are glad to see an American boat win and glad it should be the "Marblehead" if it cannot be ours. "Princesa de Asturias" comes in next, and the others bring up in the rear.

After the "Eagle" gets back to San Sebastian a number of Spanish gentlemen come aboard, and we are regaled with an amusing incident that occurred yesterday. The commodore invited through the president of the club, Señor Ybarra, any gentlemen who wished, to take a sail with him on the "Emerald," and stated that as the yacht was barely in commission he could not give them a lunch. Señor Ybarra reads a little English, but speaks scarcely any. After the sail, when the commodore returned to the "Golden Eagle," he told us about his trip. He said he never saw such a starved lot of men in his life, and at three o'clock in the afternoon. He said they ate up an immense plate of cookies, then a big tray of roast beef sandwiches went like a flash ; evidently they had had no lunch, and that after telling them they could not be lunched. "Wasn't it the

limuetto?" How easy it is to misjudge! Now comes the Spanish side of the story. Before going out to the "Emerald" several of the Spaniards said, "Let us go in here and get a little lunch." Señor Ybarra said, "No, save your appetites for the lunch on the 'Emerald,'" and so they did. When they left the yacht, they all attacked Señor Ybarra and said, "There, you see the commodore did not mean to give us lunch." Ybarra replied that he knew he was right and began to fumble in his pockets, finally producing the commodore's letter of invitation as proof that they were invited to lunch. The first part explained the trip, and it closed with the clause, "His lunch will be at the dock at two thirty o'clock to convey guests to the yacht." This is how Ybarra read it, "His lunch will be at (on) the deck at two-thirty o'clock to convey (in Spanish the word for invited is *convey* and *dock* means deck, and *guests* is easily taken for *gusto*, which in Spanish means *with great pleasure*), so it all worked out perfectly and he read it, "His lunch will be at (on) the deck at two thirty o'clock to the invited who shall have the pleasure (to come) to the yacht." A little knowledge (of English) is dangerous, or was on that occasion. "To think," they said, "that the commodore, when we were so hungry, should give us a cocktail to increase our hunger and then a cigar, but no food!" When they got ashore they made Señor Ybarra give them a fine meal of beefsteak, etc., to make up for his mistake. Then we all went in to the last dinner, the end of our royal trip. The prizes were given out,* and of course we had expected it would be at the palace and the prizes presented by His Majesty in person, but instead he has had an operation on his nose, a piece or two of the bone cut out, and is confined to his room; so the dinner is at the casino, the prizes arranged on a great table with a green

* Reproductions of these prizes, already referred to in a preceding footnote, will be found opposite page 82.

and gold covering, and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs is sent to represent His Majesty King Alphonso. We are duly and solemnly presented, and that over he gives out the prizes. The "Spokane" bags four, three firsts and a second. Two, however, of the firsts are for races "extraordinaire spéciale," and so did not count toward the King's gold cup, which we see go to a Spaniard. This is one of the best dinners, if not the best, we have had in Spain. We have speeches in English and speeches in Spanish (which *sound* good to us), toasts galore, and generally a very interesting occasion. Back again to the "Golden Eagle" and off to-morrow on our homeward trip.

AT SEA, BAY OF BISCAY,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1907.

We have another rowing race to-day. Yesterday we had one made up of three boat crews, one from the "Emerald," one from the "Golden Eagle," and one from the "Giralda," the King's yacht, four men and a coxswain to each boat. The first prize was given by the Real (royal) Club Nautico, 250 pesetas (about \$50) and the second, 100 pesetas, by the commodore. There was a little mixup at the start, but as the boat delayed thereby wins, the race is allowed to stand. The "Eagle" men win, the Spaniards second, and the "Emerald" last.

To-day the Spaniards ask the "Eagle's" men to race again and to change boats; they are a crack crew and wish to prove that their defeat yesterday was due not to their rowing but to their boat, because it was heavier than ours. Their request is, of course, granted and their commander put up 100 pesetas as a prize and the race is rowed and they win and go off in fine form, very happy and politely cheering our crew who rowed very gamily a losing race. Their commander then gal-

lantly sends over 100 pesetas for the "Eagle's" men as a second prize.

To-day our party is breaking up. The "Spokane's" new skipper and wife leave for Madrid; one of the "Spokane's" crew and the little running mate are off for Paris, and no one is left aboard but the German substitute crew Wertheim, the chronicler, and Mr. and Mrs. Commodore. But not long are we alone. The Spaniards begin to arrive to say good-byes; they come singly and in flocks of five or six at a time and we drink a silent health with each. They seem very genuine in their sorrow at our departure. Their sorrow is like a child's who clings to you and sobs and then we suppose the same as the child five minutes after their departure they are at play again, quite forgetful of our existence. Señor Doriga, for instance, he is fifty if a day, is missed; the commodore looks around and finds him quite alone leaning over the rail of the "Golden Eagle," the tears literally streaming down his cheeks; he throws his arms round our necks and presses his cheek against ours, then turns away to hide his emotion. Señor Pardenias in the same way arrives alone in one of those crimson velveted boats and actually weeps copiously on our necks and departs to his (sonderklasse) yacht. When they come off they bring the four cups won by the "Spokane" all duly engraved, the one from the King so marked and also the one from the Queen. Mrs. Commodore prettily fills the little one with champagne and we all drain our glasses in a final farewell; the number of times we said our adieus to each and the number of bows were too many to record. Then the Commodore and Mrs. Commodore go in state to the "Emerald"; the men man the signal halyards, a gun booms forth, and down come all the flags and decorations and the "Emerald" goes out of commission. Wertheim is the last to depart, and as soon as the

commodore returns we weigh anchor ; the "Golden Eagle" gives a parting salute and Old Glory dipping we slowly steam forth, the King's yacht, the "Giralda," returning our salutes and signaling "We wish you a safe anchorage." The crew of the "Emerald" lined up cheering the "Eagle," our men returning the cheer ; countless boats about waving, the clubhouse ensign dipping to us from the shore which is packed with people and also the casino balcony with a crowd all waving, and to our surprise we see and hear for many minutes a steady stream of day fireworks being exploded. It is high noon as we leave, and as we pass round the point shutting out beautiful San Sebastian, perhaps forever, who knows, we see Señor Pardenias in his little boat, bareheaded in the broiling sun, sailing up to us to wave more adieus, his daughter with him, no doubt the tears still streaming down his cheeks. As long as we can see he follows on in our wake as if he too would cross the Bay of Biscay and go with us.

They are a queer people, these Spaniards, undeveloped, rather like children, affectionate and kind, but thoughtless and heedless and irresponsible, and then apt to do things which they do not think from their point of view are wrong, but which from our point of view seem impossible. So hedged in are they by etiquette and tradition for a thousand years back that, as one of our party put it, there is a Chinese wall around them and there is no hope of ever stemming the tide and removing it unless it were all demolished at a blow and an entire new structure erected.

Imagine, for instance, if we with the polite invitations we had received had gone ashore on the lighthouse quay in Germany instead of Spain and the Emperor had come up there, as did the King of Spain, in his sweater and canvas hat and stood about among the club members talking interestingly over our joint experiences in the

race just finished, do you think he would absolutely have ignored the presence of the Americans with whom he had just raced? If you do, you have no conception of Emperor William's great desire to meet new people, his large hearted friendliness, or his innate courtesy and good breeding. The King of Spain, although not over ten feet away from us, never so much as acknowledged that we existed. Now we should not write this if we had any feeling about it, or if we thought it a discourtesy, we understand it was not; but it is written purely to show how even the King is bound hand and foot by the court red tape and the years of traditional etiquette. It was not yet time for him to meet us; when it was time he sent for us and received us kindly and graciously, and we saw him many times afterward. Another thing in sunny Spain is that nothing but the bull fight and the yacht races are on time. In Germany it is almost an insult to be late. They dine late in Spain, and if we ask them to come to dinner say at 8.30 P.M., they always get there by 9 P.M., unless they get delayed. We have been at dinners in Spain set for 9 P.M. and not sat down until 9.30 P.M., and then the Spaniards come straggling in all the way up to 10 o'clock.

Now see the other side; these warm-hearted, kind, affectionate natures that do not know any better about sport than to "throw a race" take us at large expense to the bull fight, provide carriages, the best boxes, servants to wait on us, a fine lunch and champagne, and then not one day, but every day they send out to Mrs. Commodore a large and most beautiful basket of flowers, and they send it in such a pretty fashion — a boat comes out with a single oarsman with a green or red sash and a Spanish hat to match, and in the stern is laid all along the seat a red plush velvet affair, and in the stern sheets, resting on the plush velvet, is a large, quaint basket with flowers, not laid in loosely, but beautifully

arranged with a card from the donor and presented by the boatman with a broad smile of pleasure on his face.

One thing must not be forgotten in all these comments, and that is that only a very few years ago Spain was at war with America and we took from her all her colonies, the possessions of centuries, the Philippines, a possession very dear to her, and also Cuba, the Gem of the Antilles. To us it was hardly a war at all, and our people have almost forgotten it, but not so in Spain; in many a household, especially among the nobility and well-to-do such as we have been meeting, there is some one gone, and a deep American scar remains. The Spanish court itself is none too secure, and in some parts of Spain there is much opposition to it, not to use a stronger word. With the feeling as strong as it is against Americans (and we have been assured more than once that this is so), it is a question whether it would be wise for them to do more than they have, for it might make them trouble with the ignorant classes. As it is they have been most courteous and kind, a curious mixture of kindness mingled with obsolete customs that show utter lack of knowledge of all the modern development, in both social and practical matters, that we and other nations have; they are a century behind the other countries we know.

Beautiful sunny Spain, always "to-morrow," we wish her only the greatest prosperity and development, and may the King who is "A man" lead her forth to a future as great as the great past which she now venerates so much.

AT SEA, BAY OF BISCAY,

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1907.

Nothing to record except it is rather lumpy out here and the reaction from all of our excitement makes us feel pretty well done up, and we sleep a great deal.

AT SEA, ENGLISH CHANNEL,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1907.

Still practically out of sight of land, sea smooth and sun out and warm, and we get much rest and feel more cheerful. The last things are being done preparatory to arrival at Southampton; then there will be a couple of days in London and then again to Southampton to sail for New York. We arrive and anchor off Cowes at about 4 P.M., and the chronicler, who has already packed his bag, hurries off to London.

LONDON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1907.

The Commodore and Mrs. Commodore arrive from Southampton to-day and a good deal of shopping goes on, a little sightseeing, and meeting a friend or two. A letter comes from the little running mate who is still in Paris.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1907.

This is like all days in London except one thing, the sun is out. We leave at 6.55 P.M. for Southampton, and at 9 P.M. are back again on the "Golden Eagle." It seems like going home; we have only slept eight nights on shore since leaving New York in July.

COWES, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1907.

Here we are anchored again off the Royal Yacht Squadron, the castle—but how different! Only two gentlemen at the club; one is our friend who comes aboard and lunches with us, then we tramp around Cowes—Cowes that was so crowded and gay when we were here before, but now it is like a deserted village, a few people about of course, but all the crush and crowds and automobiles and gay equipages are gone; the yachting season is practically over and soon the colder weather will be here and Cowes will be no more

until next year. We learned one rather interesting thing to-day at the clubhouse; they have an old picture there of a yacht race at Cowes in 1776, which seems to be about the earliest known date of a yacht race. The club, or Royal Yacht Squadron, was founded in 1815, so one can see that yachting languished for a good many years after the race of 1776. It occupied a small place in those days in the village of Cowes, and then in 1856 moved into the castle. It is really old, and parts of it quite ancient; the old battlements for instance being just as they were originally. There is one yacht club older than this; it is an Irish club, but unfortunately it has not had a continuous existence, there having been an interruption at one time of twenty years; so we think from all we have heard that the Royal Yacht Squadron is the Nestor of yachting.

SOUTHAMPTON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1907.

We left Cowes this morning and arrived here preparatory to leaving for home to-day on the "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria." All our duds are packed, and it is time we told you more in detail what sort of a ship that good old "Golden Eagle" is.

"GOLDEN EAGLE."

The yacht "Golden Eagle" is a single screw steel boat with two masts and one funnel; she is about five hundred tons register, one hundred and fifty-nine feet long, twenty-two feet beam, and draws about fifteen feet, has nine hundred horsepower engines, and makes thirteen and three fourths knots easily in smooth water. She was built in 1899 and belongs to Sir Samuel E. Scott, Bart., M.P. She has two decks and the bridge. On the upper deck forward is a fine deck saloon finished in Old English walnut, with many carved panels, a piano of the same wood, a library bookcase with glass

doors, two fixed lounging seats, two fixed tables, one, the larger, we used for breakfast, the other for afternoon tea or smoking articles ; in the after part of this saloon is a staircase which winds as you go down, and you land in a little entry from which you go forward into the dining room ; this is all done in white with a sofa on each side ; and the dining table, which, by the way, is not intended for more than eight, is on the starboard side. All the arrangements are very nice and very substantial, thoroughly English, of course ; such nice silver, some old center pieces, all with little velvet stands, and the "Golden Eagle" centerpiece done, by the way, in silver but gold lined — we call it the beaker — adorns the middle of the table. Now the old "Eagle" is, however, often surrounded by two Emperor's cups, and we might add a King's and a Queen's as well.

Of course the yacht is lighted by electricity, little ceiling lights with pretty silver plated reflectors and silk shades and rows of big silver plated English switches to throw on and off at will. Every room, staterooms included, has an electric fan, and also a steam radiator concealed behind a removable box. Just aft of the dining room are two very large and handsome staterooms and a bathroom ; this is the suite occupied by our host and hostess. Coming back to the upper deck and aft of the breakfast or library saloon are the stewards' pantry, the galley, the chart room, and the engine room ; then comes the men's smoking room with a toilet room adjoining ; this smoking room is all finished in oak ; the hardware furnishings throughout the yacht are all silver plated. This room has two transom English cretoned sofas, a writing desk, innumerable cupboards, a center table, and all with such nice appointments. We shall all remember writing on the black "Golden Eagle" writing pad with inkstand to match, both mounted in silver. From this room is the winding staircase which

descends from the armory ; this is fitted with rifles and a half circle of pistols on the wall ; below is a long entry, two large port and starboard staterooms, each with a nice bureau and glass, a set washbowl of porcelain, gold striped and of generous dimensions, a fine large bathroom with hot and cold water, either fresh or salt, an extra toilet room, and three other staterooms. Aft of all this are Captain Page's quarters with a separate companionway.

On the main deck aft is a weather protected seat, electric lighted, and by the transom skylight in the center are two others which we have all used so much that it seems as if we could never forget how they look. Our remembrance of Der Grosse alone, in a big armchair, disconsolately looking at the wild waves, is still fresh in mind. We think, however, as the first crew of the "Spokane" used to say at Kiel, that he was rapidly getting "Besser und Besser und Besser." On the main deck aft in the stern sheets, so to speak, is a sort of poop deck with gratings covering the chain steering gear, also a binnacle electric lighted, a spare wheel and steering gear, a steam winch, etc. She has high, solid, teak bulwarks, wide waterways running her full length fore and aft, and two rather steep ladders, one port and one starboard to the bridge. It is a fine roomy bridge ; with awnings and with an improvised table it has been the scene of several fine dinners. Two rapid fire guns are mounted, one to port and one to starboard, capable of throwing five hundred shots a minute ; these were put aboard when she was lent by Sir Samuel in the Boer war as a hospital ship and went to South Africa. She has been pretty much all over the world ; she has been in New York and in Marblehead even ; she is most thoroughly fitted for sea work and long cruises ; she has five boats, which include a large steam launch and a long gig. She carries a crew all told of



Forward part of ship
at sea.

forward is the armory; this is fitted with rifles and shotguns, and pistols on the wall; below is a long entry, and then two port and starboard staterooms, each with a washbasin, a glass, a set washbowl of porcelain, a glass of water of generous dimensions, a fine large washbasin with hot and cold water, either fresh or salt, and a hot water tap, and three other staterooms. Aft of these is Captain Page's quarters with a separate bathroom.

On the main deck aft is a weather protected seat, looking out and by the transom skylight in the center of the stern which we have all used so much that it seems as if we could never forget how they look. On the main deck of *Der Grosse* alone, in a big armory, a man is lately looking at the wild waves, is still looking out. We think, however, as the first crew of the "Grosse" used to say at Kiel, that he was looking at the "Besser und Besser und Besser." On the main deck in the stern sheets, so to speak, is a small platform with gratings covering the chain steering gear, also a binnacle electric lighted, a spare wheel for the steering gear, a steam winch, etc. She has high, solid, tank bulwarks, wide waterways running her full length fore and aft, and two rather steep ladders, one port and one starboard to the bridge. It is a fine roomy bridge, with awnings and with an improvised table it has been the scene of several fine dinners. Two rapid fire guns are mounted, one to port and one to starboard, capable of throwing five hundred shots a minute; these were put aboard when she was lent by Sir Samuel in the Boer war as a hospital ship and went to South Africa. She has been pretty much all over the world; she has been in New York and in Marblehead even; she is most thoroughly fitted for sea work and long cruises; she has five boats, which include a large steam launch and a long gig. She carries a crew all told of



Forward part of the bridge of the
"Golden Eagle"



twenty-six men, not the least of whom is the chef and his assistants; their admirable light lunches, cake, afternoon teas, etc., we shall not soon forget; nor the stewards, never one unwilling look, never one disagreeable incident in the whole trip, never one cross word from crew, officers, or guests, and everyone aboard has been keyed up and strained at times almost to the breaking point.

We do not love steam yachting, but this trip could never have been carried out successfully in any other way, and we all have a soft spot in our hearts for the old "Golden Eagle," so many pleasant memories haunt her comfortable decks and saloons. We think she never made so royal a trip before, but we hope she may always continue to give as much pleasure to those who cruise in her hereafter as she has to us. Our best wishes go with her.

All good things must end, so the time comes to leave the "Golden Eagle," the boat load of trunks, the now discarded naval cloaks, the eighteen new bonnets, the envy of the señoras of Spain, all have gone and the launch waits at the gang way. We say good-bye to the stewards and to Mr. Frye, the first mate, sometimes called by us "Old Cornelius Vanderbilt," we see Dick Deadeye looking a little bleary, and Uncle Eph with his son, and the British tars shading their moist eyes as we descend for the last time. Captain Page in his best new uniform accompanies us and we start; down goes Old Glory and the commodore's private and the cruise is over. We start for the steamer pier; as we look back to take a last look we see the entire crew of the "Golden Eagle" grouped in the bow and the second mate steps forward and calls out, "Boys, three cheers for the commodore," and then they give in true British style three rousing Hip, hip, hip, hurrays! for our commodore. And the old "Eagle" fades from sight but not from mind.

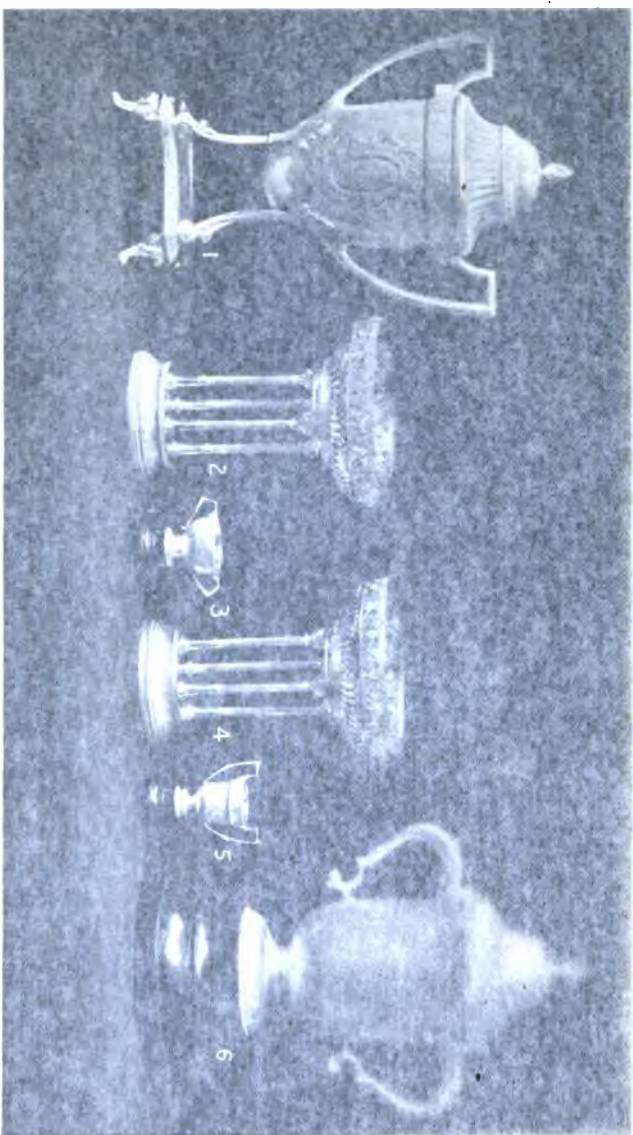
Now as we look back on it all, what a wonderful trip it has been ! How much has been done for us, how kind and almost affectionate everyone has been, what unusual courtesies have been shown to us ! We never expect again to go on such a cruise. Pleasant visions will always haunt us when we gaze upon the sea and think of those delightful days spent on the "Golden Eagle" in the Baltic and in sunny Spain with such a kind and thoughtful host and hostess and such a pleasant ship's company, each one so original and yet each so agreeable and good natured.

One word more. The cruise is ended and we must come down to mundane things, so we think of the down east fisherman's remark which we have so often quoted when we have had to change our base, "Herrinin' ain't no good, I'm goin' stone sloopin'."

Finis.

*"With happy cheer the echoing cove
Repeats the chanted note,
As homeward to our cot we move
Our bonny, bonny boat."*

Joanna Baillie.



The six cups won by "Spokane"

- 1 First prize given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Spain. See page 65
- 2 Second prize given by His Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm II. See page 44
- 3 First prize for a race "Extraordinaire Speciale" given by His Majesty King Alfonso. See page 57
- 4 Second prize given by His Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm II. See page 44
- 5 First prize for similar race as in case of No. 3, given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Spain. See page 58
- 6 Second prize given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Spain, also 1,000 per cent. See page 51

The Cruise of the Golden Eagle

What a wonderful trip it
has done for us, how kind
it has been, what unusual
experiences! We never expect
Pleasant visions will
come upon the sea and think
of the "Golden Eagle"
with such a kind and
such a pleasant ship's
and yet each so agreeable

The time is ended and we must
so we think of the down
we have so often quoted
our base, "Herrin' ain't
nothin'."

*The echoing cove
the note,
the note move
the boat."*

Joanna Baillie.



The six cups won by "Spokane"

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5. First prize for similar race as in case of No. 3, given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Spain. See page 58
6. Second prize given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Spain, also 1,000 pesetas. See page 61



ADDENDA

See Lübeck, August 21, 1907. Page 35

Speech made by His Magnificence Burgermeister Dr. Schon, at the banquet given on August 21, 1907, in the Rathskeller, in honor of the American yachtsmen by the Senate of Lübeck.

Gentlemen:—In the name of the Senate of the Free Hanse Town of Lübeck, I beg to offer you a hearty welcome, and thank you for having accepted our invitation—a hearty welcome particularly to our American guests.

It is the first time, as far as I know, that the city of Lübeck officially welcomes the representatives of a club from the United States of America. Circumstances are different here to those in our sister towns, Hamburg and Bremen, which have kept up a most lively intercourse with America for a long time; according to our geographical position our thoughts and interests in the first line have always been directed towards the north and the east. And although a long time ago—as early as 1827—the city of Lübeck, together with sister cities, but “particularly for itself,” as is expressly stated in the contract, concluded a treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation with the United States, yet for some decades America remained to us but a remote fairyland, attractive, to be sure, for many a young man who longed for adventures or hoped to gain riches in a short time; a country, however, with which a regular commercial intercourse did not yet take place. Only during the last quarter of a century relations of this kind have increased, and by degrees the Atlantic Ocean has lost something of its breadth also in our conception.

We are very glad indeed, gentlemen, to see you here, and we hope that there may be many things in our town which will meet with your interest. Though we are now embarking on new undertakings, yet we have always endeavored to preserve the heritage of the past, and you will see here many things dating from a time when, long before America was discovered, Lübeck was the head of the famous Hanseatic League and was carrying on a mercantile policy, which you will find, gentlemen, very much like your own.

Sports of various kinds were also indulged in, even in those early times, and sports of every description are patronized by us now, as we are well

aware that they not only do much good to those who practise them and to the community at large, but are extremely appropriate, if carried on a larger scale, to bring into closer contact the citizens of different nations.

And this is exactly what we all most heartily desire, to know and to appreciate each other in our characteristic features. Gentlemen, you Americans are proud of your own particular qualities, and we Germans are no less proud of ours. Let both of us preserve our national characteristics! Only by respecting each other's peculiarity the flower of true esteem can flourish, and only from this flower of true esteem and mutual consideration the fruit of a genuine friendship can ripen.

The idea of such friendship has been cultivated for years by the head of your state and by our sovereign. All Germans look upon this friendship with feelings of deep satisfaction, and we all hope and trust that a similar friendship will always knit together the German and American nations.

Let cheers ring out and echo from shore to shore for the United States of America and the German Empire, for His Majesty, the German Emperor, and President Roosevelt! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

LÜBECK, August 23, 1907.

See Hamburg, August 23, 1907. Page 37.

The following translation has been made from the newspaper account in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* of August 24.

THE NORTH GERMAN REGATTA VEREIN (UNION) AND ITS AMERICAN GUESTS

Alas! Alas! Weather failed to smile upon the preparations of the North German Regatta Union, careful as had been the efforts made. Their American guests saw above them a darkly threatening sky, and drenching rain poured down perpetually. At the Uhlenhorster Fahrhaus (ferryhouse) arrangements of every kind had been planned with a skill really wonderful. The grand banqueting hall had been decorated in truly admirable style. The table was laid in horseshoe form. It was richly decked with flowers and adorned with American and German flags floating from miniature standards. From point to point streamed the colors of the Eastern Yacht Club, of the Imperial Yacht Club, and the North German Regatta Union. Especially brilliant was the display of the many costly regatta prizes. Around the table eighty gentlemen found place, among whom the following names deserve especial mention. At its head sat Burgomaster Dr. Monckeberg, opposite him Burgomaster Dr. Bur-

chard; and we note also the Imperial Yacht Club Admiral von Arnim and Vice-Admiral von Ahlefeld; and as representing the R. R. V. the following, Adolph Burmester, Adolph Tietgens, Richard Krogmann, Max Th. Hayn, Alfred O'Swald, Max Warnholz, Robert Kirston, Edmund Siemerz, General Consul Dollmann, Edward Lippert, Director Schauseil, and many others.

Burgomaster Dr. Monckeberg was the first speaker. In spirited words he pointed out the warm interest that His Majesty the Emperor manifested in all the rivalries of naval sport. In truth it is to him that we have to give thanks for the increasing devotion to these pursuits. At home and abroad men regard him with surprise and admiration. The speaker then went on to recount the American zeal in yachting and to praise the hearty sporting enthusiasm shown by President Roosevelt. And finally, amid thundering applause, he proposed the health of His Majesty and of President Roosevelt.

Burgomaster Dr. Burchard after that rose for the following speech, which he delivered in the most perfect English.

Gentlemen: — It was with sincere enthusiasm that we have emptied our glasses to the good health and the welfare of the eminent men at the head of the two great nations whereof at this table we are the representatives, His Majesty the German Emperor and the President of the United States. Now I beg to have the honor to address a few words to our esteemed American guests. Burgermeister Monckeberg and myself, gentlemen, regret extremely that owing to the way you have disposed of your Hamburg time and to other circumstances we could not control, the Hamburg authorities have to decline themselves the privilege to receive you officially. So I am the more glad of the present opportunity to bid you a most cordial and a most hearty welcome, not only in the name of the Norddeutschen Regatta Verein, but also in the name of the Senate of Hamburg, of its Burgerschaft, and of its whole seafaring population.

You are well aware, gentlemen, that an enormous traffic is going on between Hamburg and America. This intercourse, indeed, proves dearly how right our Emperor was in saying that the sea does not separate the nations but unites them. The value of the goods carried to and from every year amounts to many hundreds of millions, and every year crowds of passengers are filling innumerable vessels which unceasingly cross the ocean. Thus it comes to pass that this intercourse is apt to facilitate the good will of the nations to become acquainted, to understand one another, to esteem each other, and finally to win mutual friendship and sympathy. So it cannot be highly enough appreciated in the interest of a welcome cultural development.

It is from this point of view that we look at the visit of our American

guests. But not alone from this point of view. For at the same time we feel deeply obliged that you gentlemen have crossed the Atlantic for the sake and in the interest of the sailing sport; whereof, as we all know, the Americans are masters long ago, therewith returning the German sailors last year's visit to America. We are also sincerely obliged to the Eastern Yacht Club, which had the kindness to delegate their own prominent members to participate in the Kiel races. Our German countrymen remember most thankfully the very amiable and very hospitable reception they met with in America, both from the authorities and from the sailing clubs, and the capital sport they enjoyed over there. Our American guests have had good sport, too. I call it good, because the races went off in a fair way, the competition, notwithstanding wind and weather, was a very promising one, and the racing gentlemen were equals both in valor and in ability, so that it really does not matter who at length won the victory. In Germany we say in a case like this: "Das ist unter Kameraden ganz egal," which means to say, "Among comrades that is without consequence." I trust, gentlemen, you will, as to the truth of this sentence, heartily agree with me.

At any rate, as our American guests everywhere in Germany met and will meet with a very warm and cordial reception and are sure to enjoy a good many new and interesting impressions, it may be confidently hoped that they and their ladies when returning to America will look back to their European trip with pleasure and satisfaction. If this hope be realized their visit will create a new and brilliant link in the strong and ancient chain of friendly relations between Germany and America.

And now, I request my German countrymen to raise their glasses to the good health of our dear American guests and friends.

Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

When the American guests had with the liveliest response accepted the welcoming shouts, Mr. Lewis Clark, vice-commander of the Eastern Yacht Club, replied, toasting with heartiest words the city of Hamburg, that held so high true German hospitality, and was admired far beyond its borders as a sport-encouraging city. The speaker especially honored the Burgomaster of Hamburg and the North German Regatta Union, who had with good will so unboundedly welcomed and entertained their American comrades. Finally, he called up his countrymen to join him in Harvard College cheers for Hamburg, its Burgomaster, and for the North German Regatta Union. Loud rang out the American Ru-ru-ru followed by a German Hoch. The festival, which was most inspiringly kept up, held its company through many hours.

The Uhlenhorster Fahrhaus had again provided the best of food and drink. The bill of fare pictured the rapture of any epicure and should

especially be mentioned. . . . The wines were, as always at the Fahrhaus, excellent. . . .

We do not say any more, so as not to bring on us the jealousy of all of those to whom it was not permitted to be present on this delightful evening.

See August 24th, Wannsee Yacht Club Dinner

Translation of the welcome to the American Yachtsmen

Wannsee, 24th of August 1907

Gentlemen : — A year ago, when we stood before the question whether or not we should send our "Sonder-Class Yacht" to Marblehead to take part in the contests for the Roosevelt Cup, we felt great hesitation in deciding on a venture offering such slender chances of success, and it took words of encouragement from our Emperor to bring us to a final decision to take up the contest.

We have been richly rewarded. Our delegates are never tired of expressing their admiration for your beautiful country with its wonderful resources of every kind. They were charmed by your unexampled hospitality and dazzled by the grace of the American ladies.

We looked forward, then, with pleasurable expectation to the time when we should be able to welcome you in our Fatherland. That day has now come. We are pleased and honoured by your presence in this modest home of ours, of which the racing trophies won by our yachts form the only ornament.

Gentlemen! We have sent our little crafts to the regattas of many lands. They have been in Denmark, Sweden, England, France, Spain and Belgium. They were everywhere well received, but to you, Gentlemen of the United States, it was left to give a special warmth of colour to your exuberant hospitality. You have not only accorded to our delegates a festive welcome, but you have sent them back to Germany with the lines of your victorious yachts to shew us the way to success, and have in the most disinterested and unselfish manner placed everything at our disposal that could further the cause of sport.

We shall never forget these highhearted gifts, which have unlocked our hearts to you in a very high degree, and we bid you a very hearty welcome.

I wish in the name of the Wannsee-Club to offer our very special greeting to the chairman and vice-commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club to whose initiative the contests are to be attributed, as also to the Yachtowners, to the Crews of the "Sonder-Class Boats," to the American Gentlemen who have come such a distance in their beautiful yachts to witness the very interesting racing in Kiel, and to the Naval Attache of the American Embassy in Berlin.

In view of the way in which our Herr Fregatten-Kapitan Hebbinghaus exerted himself last year to insure the success of the regattas at Marblehead, he may almost be said to belong to you. He deserves the special thanks of all American and German Yachtsmen.

We bid further a hearty welcome, also, to the German "Sonder-Class" Yachtsmen and to the gentlemen of the press, who would not let the opportunity go by of celebrating to-days festival with you.

Gentlemen, we are very well aware that we cannot even approximately rival what you did in your country for our "Sonder-Class" Yachtsmen, but such things as we have to give in the shape of friendship and good fellowship, — these we offer you with all our hearts and with the knowledge that we still lie deeply in your debt.

I wish you a pleasant evening among us.

I call upon my German comrades to welcome our guests by giving them three hearty cheers.

Hip, Hip, Hurrah !

20.
JL



AUG 15 1928